

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or the London Charivari—July 21 1954

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

## But why pick on Leyland?

What's Leyland done that transport users pick on them so often? We'll tell you!

First, a Leyland Comet '90' diesel 7/8 tonner saves a lot of money by averaging 17/18 miles a gallon, with bigger models running on the same economical ton-mile ratio.

Now, about maintenance. A Leyland usually does 200,000 miles or more before major overhaul need even be considered.

Lastly, it's a pretty safe guess that any Leyland will be doing a worry-free job of work years longer than you'd think!

**Pick on Leyland? Would a sound judge pick on anything else?**

# Leyland

**FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT**

LEYLAND MOTORS LTD · LEYLAND · LANCS · ENGLAND  
London Office & Export Division: Hanover House, Hanover Square, London, W.1

## our future is not in the cards . . .



. . . but in our own past history.

Thoughtful planning founded upon our unique experience of 26 years' specialisation in hydraulic braking, allied to unmatched manufacturing resources will ensure the maintenance of Lockheed leadership in the years to come.

# LOCKHEED LEADERSHIP

*Beyond all challenge*

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LIMITED · LEAMINGTON SPA  
C.J.L.

## THIS is the Gin...



**... FOR A DASHING  
'TOM COLLINS'**

Now's the time for long cool drinks . . . exciting reviving drinks . . . with the tinkle of ice in the tumbler. Best of all is dashing "Tom Collins". Here's how the experts make it:—  
Mix 1 measure of Gordon's\* Gin with the juice of ½ a lemon in a tumbler; add 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar. Fill to the brim with soda water.

*The experts have a good reason for using Gordon's . . . it makes a better drink; for Gordon's Gin is the world's best mixer.*



\*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

# Gordon's

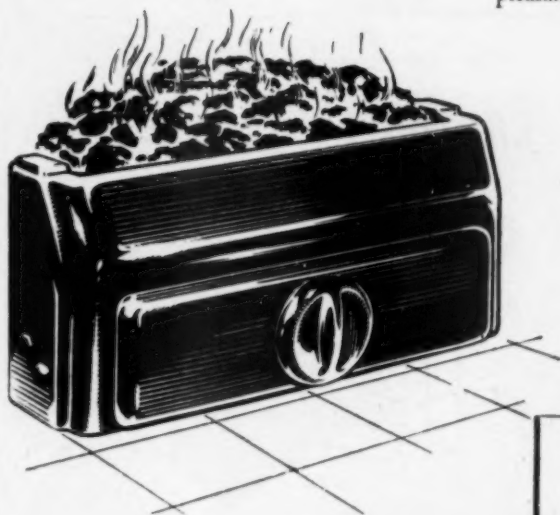
*Stands Supreme*

MAX. PRICES: BOTTLE 33/90 • ½ BOTTLE 17/74 • ¼ BOTTLE 9/24 • MINIATURE 3/74 • U.K. ONLY



*"I'm awfully glad  
we bought a  
REDFYRE"*

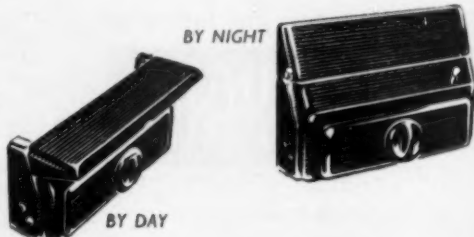
Until we bought our Redfyre we would never have believed that it could do so much on so little fuel—transforming poor quality slack into a hot glowing fire, or burning coke as merrily as coal. We'd never realised that we could save so much on fuel. And we'd never guessed that life with a Redfyre could be so effortless and pleasant. *Yes, I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre.*



*The*  
**REDFYRE**  
REGD

**CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE**

Fitted with chrome steel bottom grate to avoid "burning out".  
Available in 12" to 18" sizes, to fit all standard fireplaces.  
Finished in lovely vitreous enamel with choice of colours.

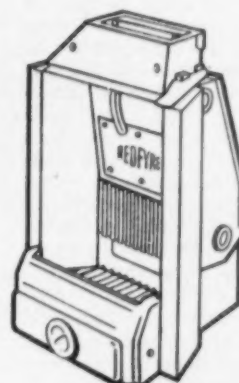


*From your local distributor or  
Gas Board Showroom*

*there's also the*

**REDFYRE**  
**BAC BOILER**

A Redfyre for your living room with a high output boiler concealed behind it! Ensures abundant hot water and heats two radiators.



## For women who lead active lives



NOW ALSO AVAILABLE  
WITH DATE

**S**ISTER to a self-winding watch that has proved its accuracy in a series of tests of exceptional severity, the Tudor "Oyster Princess" is the boon companion to a woman who accepts the challenge of a full and vigorous life.

This remarkable self-winding watch, commissioned by Rolex of Geneva, has the indispensable virtue of being quite unaffected by the shocks and strains that are associated with a sport or an outdoor career.

Normally, a self-winding watch doesn't stand up well to even moderate vibration, but the Tudor "Oyster Princess," with its patented, flexible "rotor" self-winding mechanism, never falters. Drive with it on, hit the ball, hunt, shoot, fish, bathe, even swim in it, it still keeps perfect time.

This is testimony indeed to the all-round protection given by another great Rolex invention—the permanently waterproof Oyster case.

Does this invulnerability mean that the Tudor "Oyster Princess"

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* This is the Tudor "Oyster Princess," feminine counterpart of the "Oyster Prince," and having the identical Rolex features. The "Oyster Prince" was worn by a miner, a riveter, a pneumatic-drill operator, etc., in the severest tests ever devised for a self-winding watch. It came through unharmed, despite the deadly vibration.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

is too "masculine" to be elegant? Certainly not. It has the slim, clean lines of a perfectly tailored suit, the unobtrusive opulence of fine jewelry. Ask your Rolex jeweller to show it you—and be surprised at the moderate cost.



# TUDOR

## Oyster Princess

Sponsored by Rolex  
of Geneva

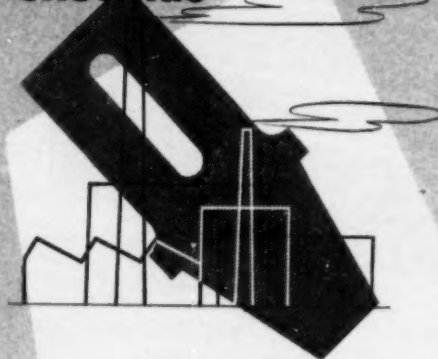
**"What do you do with your old blades?"**

**"I shave with them!"**

You can, too—fifty times, at least, with a KEEN-EDGE safety-razor blade sharpener. A few seconds a day with the KEEN-EDGE and you can make one ordinary double-edged blade give you two months of wonderful shaving! Precision made and beautifully finished, in a handsome plastic case, the KEEN-EDGE will last for years, giving you the equivalent of an expensive luxury-razor for only **13/9**

**KEEN-EDGE** Razor Blade Sharpener  
 Complete satisfaction or money returned. Obtainable from hairdressers and chemists or post free from:  
**PRECISION SHARPENERS LTD.**  
 (Dept. P.I.)  
 56 GODSTONE ROAD · KENLEY · SURREY

## CASTINGS



..... Serving Industry

**DUPORT**  
 GREY IRON CASTINGS

Specialists in Technical Service

DUPORT FOUNDRIES  
 LIMITED

DUDLEY PORT TIPTON  
 STAFFS.



## 'Behind the ears'...

Keeping things clean — not just superficially but 'behind the ears' as well — must be someone's responsibility. If cleaning arrangements are one of your business or professional worries, you should get to know Teepol. This master detergent developed by Shell is now recognised as being the most effective and economical cleaning aid for use in commercial and industrial premises, and in municipal, institutional and public buildings of all kinds.



# TEEPOL

*is a SHELL contribution to improved public health*

## Clearing Department



The Bank's clearing staff play an essential part in the system which makes the cheque so efficient a means of transferring money. When your cheque is 'cleared' it must pass from the payee's bank to your own; and, while there is of course local exchange of cheques between neighbouring banks, most cheques are cleared through London. The fact that on occasion more than half a million cheques, worth as much as £100,000,000, may pass through the Bank's Clearing Department in one day, is some reflection of the scope of the work involved. Those who do it are members of a staff of 19,000 whose knowledge, experience and goodwill are at the disposal of all who bank with

**BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED**

**D**it le liseron au pois  
SAID THE BINDWEED TO THE  
de senteur, "Si votre ami  
SWEET PEA, "IF YOUR FRIEND  
le jardinier continue  
THE GARDENER CONTINUES  
à déguster Dubonnet  
TO SIP DUBONNET  
dans la gloriëtte, je  
IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE, I  
jetterai le grappin sur vous!"  
SHALL GET YOU IN MY CLUTCHES!"

**Murmura la petite fleur, "Adieu,**  
MURMURED THE LITTLE FLOWER, "FAREWELL,  
**jardinier! Je meurs martyr**  
GARDENER! I DIE A MARTYR  
**d'une bonne cause!"**  
TO A WORTHY CAUSE!"

Have you tried Dubonnet as a long summer drink? Here's how:—Pour a man-sized measure of Dubonnet into a man-sized glass. Top up with soda and toss in a slice of lemon. Add ice if available. Swallow. Delicious! Refill. Swallow. Etcetera.



**DUBONNET** DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



## COME CRUISING

TO THE  
BOSPHORUS

### S. S. ORONSAY

sailing 21st August  
for 20 days  
to the Bosphorus

Calling at:

Lisbon  
Oran · Palermo  
Istanbul  
Athens  
Syracuse · Cadiz

FIRST CLASS  
ACCOMMODATION  
AVAILABLE

TO THE  
MEDITERRANEAN

### S. S. ORONSAY

sailing 11th September  
for 21 days  
to the Mediterranean

Calling at:

Palma · Syracuse  
Famagusta  
Beirut · Rhodes  
Messina  
Algiers  
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FIRST CLASS  
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## ORIENT LINE

26 COCKSPUR ST, LONDON, SW1, TRA 7141 OR AGENTS

## Cussons IMPERIAL LEATHER Brilliantine



Whether you prefer  
your brilliantine liquid  
or solid, you will find  
Imperial Leather the  
perfect aid to good  
grooming and lustrous  
healthy hair.

LIQUID  
BRILLIANTINE

1/7

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SOLID BRILLIANTINE

3/6 & 1/10

FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD

84 BROOK ST, LONDON W1



## Precious moments

Through four generations  
CHERRY HEERING

has witnessed as well as  
created many precious moments.

Unchanged since 1818,  
this old Danish delight

will grace your day whenever  
and wherever you meet with it.

# CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to  
The late King George VI



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Frederik IX



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Gustaf VI Adolf



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
The Queen of the Netherlands



## Power graced by elegance

The new Swallow DORETTI is a sports car de luxe styled on the classical Italian lines and providing the utmost in comfort and elegance. The 90 brake horse power 2 litre engine gives an exceptionally high performance coupled with outstanding economy.

The car is fitted with a tubular chassis of special design to ensure the maximum stability while aluminium is incorporated in the bodywork to add lightness.

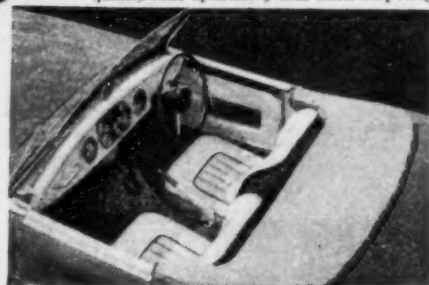
In the Swallow DORETTI the sporting motorist will find a car that will give him sustained power and performance for competition work, smooth comfortable driving for fast touring, plus the highest grade exterior and interior finish, including first quality hide upholstery, thick carpeting and leather covered sponge rubber moulding.

# Swallow Doretti

*Britain's new luxury sports car*



The interior of the car is luxuriously fitted with leather covered sponge rubber moulding, first quality hide upholstery and thick carpeting.



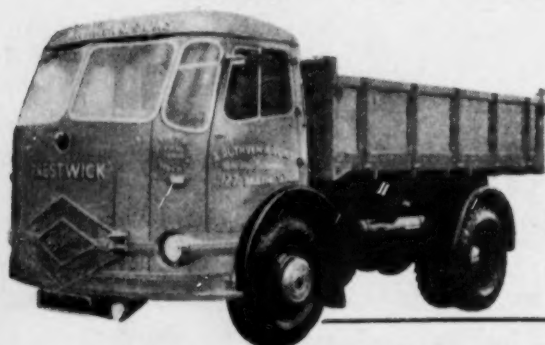
Price £777 0s. 0d. P.T. £324 17s. 6d.

For name of nearest Distributor phone or write to:  
THE SWALLOW COACHBUILDING CO. (1935) LTD.,  
The Airport, Walsall, Staffs. (Walsall 4553).

## the *New* leader in the 8 TON CLASS

It's a new Foden—a champion lightweight truck that carries an 8 ton payload and carries it economically too. Powered by the Foden FD 4-cylinder 2-stroke oil engine, it develops 84 B.H.P. Engine and chassis are precision built to give dependability with the minimum of maintenance. Foden vehicles go from strength to strength.

- ★ 4-speed standard gearbox, with 5 or 8 speeds as alternatives. The 8-speed overdrive unit doubles the ratios available on the main box. Overdrive gears may be preselected.
- ★ Carries 8 tons legal payload with gross laden weight of 12 tons.
- ★ The engine has a capacity of 2.72 litres and develops a maximum output of 84 B.H.P. at 2,000 r.p.m., with torque peak of 235 lbs./ft. at 1,500 r.p.m.
- ★ Curved glass corner windcreens are fitted to give the widest possible vision. Rear axle has hypoid spiral bevel gear carried on adjustable taper roller bearings.



**8 tons legal  
Payload**

**Foden**  
FE 4/8

FODENS LIMITED, SANDBACH, CHESHIRE.  
Telephone: SANDBACH 44 (8 lines)



HEAD by Nicholas Egon

No. 2 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD  
**Brotherton**

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydronaphthyls, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine. Makers of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Also at Manchester, Glasgow and London. Works at Birmingham, Wakefield and Birkenhead.





## Appreciating human needs

The community depends upon steel. It is thus a national matter that the industry should prosper in order to provide stable conditions of employment and a large measure of social security for the many workers for whose welfare and health it is directly responsible.

The United Steel company has for long concerned itself with these problems. As far back as 1882 a fund was founded at one of the oldest producing units to

make provision for retired employees. More recently contributory pension schemes were established to cover every worker in the Company's employ.

At the same time the Company has initiated many reforms based upon industrial preventative and curative hygiene, with establishments of medical officers, nursing administration and adequate equipment well beyond the terms of national legislation.



### THE UNITED STEEL COMPANIES LIMITED SHEFFIELD

APPLEBY-FRODINGHAM STEEL COMPANY • SAMUEL FOX & COMPANY LIMITED • STEEL PEECH & TOZER  
UNITED STRIP & BAR MILLS • WORKINGTON IRON & STEEL COMPANY • UNITED COKE & CHEMICALS COMPANY LIMITED  
UNITED STEEL STRUCTURAL COMPANY LIMITED • DISTINGTON ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED • YORKSHIRE ENGINE COMPANY LIMITED



**Make it mobile,  
I said, and let  
**BERKELEY** do it**

The gentleman emphasising his remarks with a driver is in the manufacturing line. He makes a range of goods which he was in the habit of displaying in his London showrooms. But now (as he is explaining) he has gone mobile. He sends out his latest products in a **BERKELEY SPECIALISED CARAVAN** designed and built as a handsome travelling showroom. Amazing how business has bucked up! The scope for 'putting it on wheels' is far wider than you may think. In all probability there is an important job waiting in your business for a **BERKELEY 'special'**. **BERKELEY 'specials'**—as animal advisory centres, information centres, etc.—are giving grand service in many parts of the world. Berkeley experts will always be delighted to join you in discussing possibilities.

In passing, may we reveal that we have built for British-American Tobacco, Trinidad Electricity, West Midland Gas Board and the R.S.P.C.A. among many others equally well known.

The address is:

**BERKELEY COACHWORK (Sales & Export) Ltd.**  
Dept. B.2, Biggleswade, Beds.

## Fit **INDIA** the **Cool Running Tyres**

Cool running is the key to greater mileage. By vulcanizing (or curing) India tyres at lower temperatures and employing advanced rubber compounding techniques, India ensure the coolest running possible thus giving the bonus of greater mileage in greater safety.



Fit  
**INDIA**  
and enjoy the extra PLUS of  
**Cool Curing**

This is a good Pink gin. Secret recipe?  
No, just SEAGERS and a dash of Pink.

P'raps it's the Pink.

No, it's the SEAGERS.

What difference does SEAGERS make over any other gin?

I haven't a notion.

Seems odd that it should make all that difference to a pink gin.

I daresay. But the proof of a cocktail's in the drinking.

**SEAGERS**  
SPECIAL  
DRY GIN

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,  
The Distillery, London, S.E.5



## a TI landscape

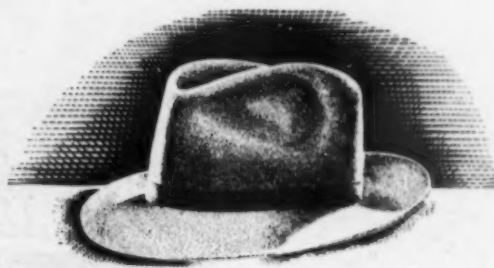
reveals an unexpected fact: today we live TI. The cyclist rides TI: the motorist drives with TI's help. The mother cooks TI: baby's bath water is heated TI. The farmer milks with TI and the businessman conducts his affairs in a TI setting.

Industry's calls on TI take many forms. It may be precision tubes in one of thousands of shapes and sizes, or steel, or wrought aluminium; it may be electrical equipment, rolling mills, or mechanical handling plant, or machine tools...so intricately is TI woven into the industrial pattern that nearly every constructional or engineering enterprise owes something, large or small, to TI.

Each of TI's many manufacturing companies has a mind and ideas of its own, but behind all of them are the combined skills and experiences of the many trades TI follows.



TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED  
THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2 TRAFALGAR 5633



### CHRISTYS' ROLLAWAY

A versatile lightweight—weighs only two ounces—ideal for business yet casual enough to wear with sports clothes.

Available in a good range of colours.

## CHRISTYS' HATS

OBTAINABLE FROM

GOOD CLASS MEN'S SHOPS EVERYWHERE



Is that a new watch? Oh it's only the strap that's new . . . I was going to say, when a fond parent gives his son a Baume for his twenty-first he rather expects it to last out more than a generation—and keep good time . . . which, come to think of it—it has! Good choice, eh? Prices from £12.10.

**BAUME**  *the good watch*

BAUME & CO. LTD., LONDON AND LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



## Sealed

FOR PROTECTION

Essolube motor oil is sealed for protection of quality. It keeps your car's engine running smoothly and efficiently — which is why the leading racing drivers always rely on it.

## Approved

BY MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

This clear, clean mineral oil, approved by British motor manufacturers, is obtainable from leading garages and service stations in a wide range of grades that meet the requirements of all motor vehicles.

## Guaranteed

BY ESSO

Every bottle of Essolube motor oil bears the name of the world's largest and most experienced oil company — ESSO . . . your guarantee of outstanding quality, extra cleanliness and unequalled all-round engine protection.



# Essolube

THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL



**A** NATIONAL Salt Glazed Pipe Manufacturers' Association announcement carries the striking headline, "Under an Airport Runway." Lovers of descriptive compositions hope that the subject will not escape the attention of Mr. Albert Ketelbey.

#### Pass, Friend

THE controversial War Office order about Whitehall sentries saluting bowler-hats is a good example of laudable intentions poorly executed. Obviously an officer in mufti must have his salute;



obviously a full-time civilian must not. But a better way would have been to issue an order to the officers, laying down the distinctive grouping of waistcoat buttons—a system which works perfectly well in uniform to denote Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards. At night the buttons could be illuminated by discreet pressure of a pocket-bulb as the wearer came within sight of Horse Guards Parade.

#### Only Proper

WHEN a Leicester man was fined for using a wireless set without a licence he said that he only tuned in to Radio Luxembourg and never listened to the B.B.C. The Magistrate replied, "You should complain to the Postmaster-General." In fairness, he ought to hear a few programmes first.

#### Cool Courage

EVEN the most hardened cigarette smoker, says Professor Grace Roth of the Mayo Clinic, reacts to the first cigarette of the day with a drop in temperature of the hands and feet, due

to constriction of blood vessels. As the day wears on the hands warm up, but reading this sort of thing in all the papers keeps the feet pretty chilly.

#### Oops—Sorry!

SLAPDASH use of hypodermics comes in for stern criticism in the 1953 report of the Central Health Services Council, and doctors should take to heart the warning that "Care in reading the label is the most effective single precaution that can be taken against accidents." The 1954 report, awaited with interest, is expected to stress the undesirability of the fatal dose.

#### All in Favour

PUBLIC opinion is making itself felt once again, this time over old age pensions. A poll taken among shopping crowds has revealed that ninety-nine per cent of those questioned favoured



an increase. This even beats the figure supporting the recent agitation for the removal of the tobacco duty. The important thing in sounding public opinion is to sound the section most concerned: moves to abolish overdraft interest arouse little enthusiasm in owners of credit balances, just as agitations for obligatory suppressors in motor-cars leave the non-viewer unmoved. But when it comes to old age, and the funds to support it, it's pretty hard to go wrong.

#### Can't go on

GREEN enamel badges inscribed "W.A.M.A.W.F." are being supplied to fishmongers by the White Fish Authority, who will pass them in turn

to young children. When parents ask the meaning the reply will be Why Ask Me? Ask Whispering Fish, or, alternatively, What Are Marvellous and Whizzo? Fish. The campaign is expected to entice shoals of fish to all gas-cookers not already occupied by the heads of practising humorists.

#### Stick to the Facts

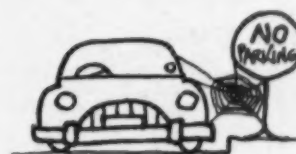
"THE sun shone affectionately" upon Eton and Harrow at Lord's, said *The Times*. And on another page, where golf was the lucky game, "The sun shone in an old fashioned way." Colourful reporting is all right, but this year just "The sun shone" is good enough.

#### Call A Spade A Bucket

IN a short article on beach clothes Miss Iris Ashley mentions "pint-size fashions," for "small fry," "moppets," "the nursery world," and "ladies aged three to eight." Seems to be something about what children are wearing.

#### Waiting

No replies have been received to advertisements by the Corporation of Richmond, Surrey, seeking the owner of a car left in the town a year ago. It



looks as if some London motorist bagged this handy parking space, and isn't coming forward in case he loses it.

#### No Rush

PLANS for a pantheon to enshrine Stalin, Lenin and other "outstanding workers of the Communist Party and the Soviet State" have been launched in Moscow, and a handsome prize for the winning design has sent many a

Stakhanovite artist hurrying to his drawing-board. Others, not anxious to qualify as "outstanding workers" just yet, however distinguished the company, are modestly holding their fire.

### A Royalty Problem

ONE aspect of the new *musique concrète* which has been overlooked so far is the position of the Performing Rights Society. The sound-track of one of these modern works may involve the crash of dust-bin lids, the whine of jet aircraft, the shrilling of police whistles and the distorted pealing of church bells. The impresarios presenting this kind of thematic material have no musicians to pay, and it is only fair that their scoops at the box-office, certain to be considerable, should be properly distributed; but officials of the P.R.S. have not yet hit on a way to sift the claims of dustmen, airmen, policemen and bell-ringers who will insist, in embarrassing numbers, that the crash, the whine, the whistle or the peal is theirs and nobody else's.

### Near Miss

SEASON-TICKET holders travelling to London daily from the Home Counties are said to present their local stations with plants for the flower-beds. This not only gives pleasure to other passengers and to British Railways platform staff but to the driver of the departing 8.15 as he enjoys the scarlet runners coming up the station approach.



## ON THE CARDS

ONE of the newspapers reported recently that Congressmen in Washington "lobbied" by constituents and others are in the habit of handing them printed cards bearing the words "Don't confuse me with facts. My mind is made up." Such a sound idea could hardly pass unnoticed at Westminster, and already an enterprising stationer is producing similar cards for Members of Parliament.

Of course the wording of the American cards has required a little emendation; "my mind is made up," for example, is an entirely unsuitable phrase for use by a back-bencher. But a big demand is said to have arisen for cards reading "Don't confuse me with facts. The Party's mind is made up." On some issues even this will not quite do, and both Labour M.P.s dealing with queries about German rearmament and Tories concerned with negotiations over Suez are using a card printed "Don't confuse me with facts. The Party's mind is not made up," which is in a way even more telling. And some scrupulous Members who deny that they ever have much traffic with facts, and feel a bit uncertain whether they would recognize such a thing if they saw it, prefer "Don't confuse me with principles. The Whips are on."

The use of cards is so well adapted to present-day politics that a whole range is to be produced covering a number of other situations. There is a series designed for Ministers at question-time, comprising "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "I cannot add anything to my previous reply," "It would not be in the public interest to give any further information," and "I should like to have notice of that question." Their employment is simple and convenient; when a question is called, the Minister simply hands the appropriate card to the Speaker, who passes it to the Member asking the question. Later it is expected that Ministers will delegate this duty to their Parliamentary Private Secretaries, thus ridding themselves of the need ever to attend the House at all.

Catering for private Members is not quite so easy. A few standard cards, such as "In view of the unsatisfactory nature of the answer I beg leave to give notice that I will raise the matter on the

adjournment" and "Don't confuse me with speeches. I'm simply waiting for the division" are going fairly smartly, but on the whole the system is not well suited to debate. In other parts of the Palace of Westminster, though, cards are proving extremely valuable. In the Smoking Room, Members are making free use of cards printed "Don't confuse me with gin-and-tonic. I have a duodenal ulcer," and "Don't expect me to intervene in this debate. I have a pair and am going to . . ."—the dotted line at the end being for the insertion of *Pal Joey* or *Duel in the Jungle* or whatever cultural activity the Member has chosen to grace that evening.

The original use of the cards, for keeping importunate constituents at bay, continues briskly. Recent cards prepared for handing to eager voters after they have waited a breathless half-hour in the central lobby following the dispatch of their green cards include a "Don't confuse me with education/health/pensions/Crichel Down. I am only paid £1,000 a year and £2 a day expenses," which is reported to reduce Members' work by some eighty per cent.

The only drawback to the scheme that is apparent so far is that M.P.s have no monopoly of the system. A number of the elected representatives of the people were much embarrassed lately when, having brusquely handed out to a bunch of constituents the old message—"Don't confuse me with facts. My mind is made up"—they had thrust into their hands similar cards which said simply "Don't confuse us with politics. So is ours." Repercussions are expected in the next general election.

B. A. YOUNG

### Is This Socialism?

Reflections on perusing a pamphlet of that title by Professor G. D. H. Cole

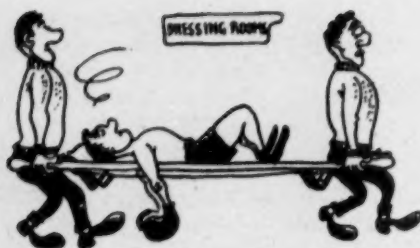
WHAT marvels modern science can create!

How infinitely noble is her goal!  
The latest blue-print for a Classless State,

For instance, is a by-product of Cole.

E. V. MILNER





## Latent Events

By J·H·N G·R·D·N

**T**HE ridiculous self-importance that some M.P.s seem to be developing astounds me. You would think, from their matinée idol rantings, that nobody had the right to question the wisdom of their decisions, the value of their utterances.

Consider the case of Mr. John Strachey, Socialist pin-up for Dundee West. At Oxford the other day ex-Minister Strachey said: "If we are to have a good and efficient Parliamentary Labour Party to protect the interests of the workers, Labour M.P.s must be adequately paid." And in mouthing this partisan piffle he hinted that those who oppose this pile-up-politicians'-pay-policy are unmitigated scoundrels.

Who is Mr. Strachey that he can afford to alienate any of his lukewarm supporters? Don't ask me: ask the voters of Dundee West.

I am not opposed to a pay-rise for politicians. Our legislators in Westminster can make out a fair case for improved remuneration. What I and millions of sensible citizens object to is the calm assumption that it is the P.L. Party that is the sole body charged with the responsibility of protecting "the interests of the workers." What rubbish! And what a confession of the sordid bargaining indulged in by the Socialists! Pay us more, and we'll fix things for you: refuse us a rise and the devil take you!

**W**HAT a fine, courageous woman is Lady Diana Partington. What a service she is doing. **AND WHAT A FINE THING** it is that the jammy-mouthed film-stars are sometimes pushed out of the news by women of sterling worth and public-spirited endeavour.

**A**S an illustration of the frustration and futility of life in these red-taped times let me tell you of the experience of Mr. T. R. Piggins,

a manufacturer of pipe-cleaners, who has a works at Alfreton. Mr. Piggins is a man of enterprise, a man anxious to break into the American market with his products. So he makes them the best pipe-cleaners on the market, pipe-cleaners of infinite variety—coloured and multi-coloured pipe-cleaners, striped pipe-cleaners and so on. His enterprise bears fruit: he earns dollars—to your advantage and mine.

**THEN BUREAUCRACY** gets busy. An officious taxation tout examines the pipe-cleaners, decides that they are either luxury hair-curlers or toys and pops them into a new purchase tax category. Result? The pipe-cleaners lie idle in the warehouses, rotting, attacked by pests, a drug on the market.

Isn't it a stupid business?

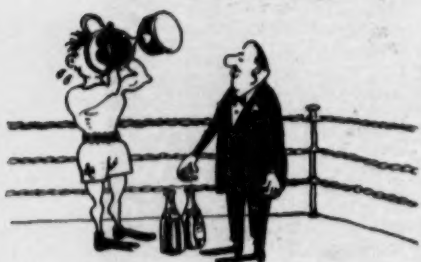
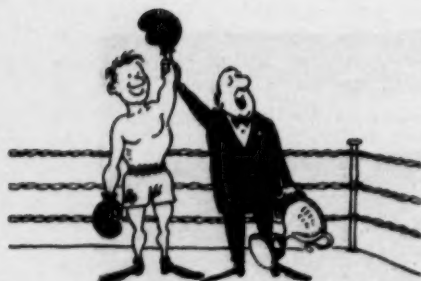
**W**HO is Silas Mainwaring? Silas Mainwaring is the author of the novel *Carnal* which Judge Ogden described the other day as "the most blatantly pornographic trash ever brought to my notice."

But Silas Mainwaring is a *nom-de-plume*. The writer of this beastly, harmful prose is a woman, and without hesitation I disclose her real name as Mrs. John Thomkin. Mr. John Thomkin? Yes, he is a director of Waters, Thomkin and Waters, the book's publishers.

**IT IS TIME** such evil-minded literature and its perpetrators received the treatment they deserve. I can now reveal that this novel was offered to me for serial publication in a well-known Sunday newspaper three years ago. I read the book and I threw it into the waste-paper basket. It is still there.

Clean out the libraries and book-stalls. Put printed filth beyond the reach of our youth. And let the publishers be clapped in jail!

And, by the way, do not confuse the book with *Carnal*, one of the happiest and cleanest stories in the language.



**W**HY grudge the dockers of Newcastle their high pay? And it *is* high pay. My researches reveal that some of the men receive, with overtime and interest on investments, as much as £25 per week. They earn their money.

And—what is seldom realized—they spend it wisely. The sales of refrigerators and non-fiction are higher in Newcastle than in most towns. These humble dockers get more for their brass than most of the human flotsam of Mayfair.

**THEY EDUCATE** their children, too: feed them well, clothe them well. And, television sets or no television sets, they are a credit to the working-classes, and a credit to their country. A pity we all can't knock back £25 a week—the agricultural labourers, the transport workers, the shop assistants and the old age pensioners.

**A** MAN at Castleford is found guilty of driving a motor car while in a drunken stupor. Three

days later he is charged again, and again found guilty. A week later there is another offence, and a few days later yet another. Total damage to the community: two shop-windows, an empty pram, a litter bin and a street-lamp. Total fine, £50.

**WHEN WILL** the magistrates understand that a car is a lethal weapon? When will they protect the lives of respectable citizens by putting drunken motorists behind iron bars? That pram might not have been empty. We make a frightful fuss about the noise of one Fleet Street helicopter, and turn a blind eye to the daily carnage of the roads. What a strange people we are!

**JOURNALISTS** get more kicks than ha'pence. We accept the inevitable, take it lying down. All the more reason then for taking pleasure in an unexpected bouquet.

**A READER** in Blackpool sends me a postcard, a *clean* comic postcard, and writes: "This is the dirtiest P.C. I

can find. See what you and your excellent campaign in 'Latent Events' have achieved! Keep it up, and thank you."

Thank *you*, anonymous reader in Blackpool.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"WATANIA CINEMA  
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY  
Two House: 6.45-9.15 p.m.  
Presents a Bombshell Announcement  
A fascinating ORSON WELLES production

OTHELLO  
The Shakespeare masterpiece  
The most breathing talking story of love in a feature which has meritoriously been awarded the first grand prize of the International Festival of Cannes 1952.

Starring:—  
ORSON WELLES as  
OTHELLO  
The remaining cast will be a surprise to the audience.

Advertisement in the Sudan Star  
Not after reading this.



*Modern Types***Flinching McWhoolie, M.P.**

By GEOFFREY GORER

**M**R. McWHOOLIE considers himself to be the voice of the nation's conscience. If pressed, he would probably admit that he knows little, and cares less, about economics; he distrusts the foreign policy of his own, or indeed any Western country; he is not much interested in defence; but he does feel that he knows instinctively what is right, and, even more clearly, what is wrong, and he is most willing to impart his knowledge to anybody he can prevail on to listen to him. Since he has represented a safe parliamentary constituency for a considerable number of years he seldom lacks an audience.

Mr. McWhoolie's conscience acts on a semi-automatic principle somewhat similar to the old try-your-strength devices in country fairs: moderate strength rings the bell, great strength returns the penny. The bell—a long and lachrymose speech delivered in the plangent tones of a funeral oration—is rung by the mention of discomfort inflicted on any of the groups he has taken under his wing: predatory vermin (but not the domestic animals they kill); juvenile delinquents (but not their victims); murderers (but not the people they have murdered); people with a different skin-colour from his own (but not English-speaking people who have not run foul of the law).

The penny is symbolically returned when Mr. McWhoolie gets frightened (and he scares easily); his immediate reaction is to "contract out" of the danger by withdrawing from the threatened association, whether it be an alliance, a political party, or merely the survival of his own country. He is sure that soft answers always turn away wrath; and he believes that the dangers which threaten him—Him—are provoked solely by the members of his own party, country, or alliance who accept responsibility. Well, they can "go it alone"; Mr. McWhoolie's hands will be clean.

Mr. McWhoolie's oratorical style is not unfamiliar, and indeed might almost be considered an hereditary trait. For more than a century the McWhoolies and the Flinchings (his mother's family)



have produced in each generation one or more preachers, occasionally ordained but more often laymen, who have regularly harangued and edified small but zealous congregations of obscure sects, convinced that they, and they alone, have correctly interpreted the injunctions and secrets of the Bible.

Flinching McWhoolie was destined for the same vocation from his earliest years; and was preaching extempore sermons at an age when his school-fellows were engaged in the "sinful" and "worldly" pastimes of football and marbles. His upbringing was severe; although his father knew that any child of his would inevitably achieve Eternal Glory, it was also his duty to smite sin where he found it, and young Flinching had two deplorable traits which it was his stern duty to eradicate: he had a most deplorable fleshly lust for sweetmeats, particularly liquorice all-sorts; less important, though still undesirable, was his habit of pulling the wings off flies or the legs off spiders: these insects are not merely part of creation, they are especially destined for the eternal torment of the ungodly, and it is wicked to interfere with the designs of Providence. Under correction for these misdemeanours young McWhoolie discovered his special sensitiveness to pain.

And then a most unfortunate thing happened which seemed, for a time, to wreck his planned career. Flinching

McWhoolie "lost his faith", not merely in the special revelations of the family sects, but in the whole of religion. It happened during the 1914-18 war; since he was not ordained he got no special exemption from military service; and despite the most fervent prayers on his part and that of the congregation, the Tribunal exercised no special mercy and he was given the customary harsh treatment of conscientious objectors. How could he continue belief in a Providence which so neglected the elect?

His fellow-objectors supplied books and arguments to replace his lost religious faith by a somewhat nebulous "agnostic" belief in the imminent creation of an earthly paradise; and consequently when he returned to civilian life he could still find a use for his single talent of oratory.

Very shortly after the cessation from hostilities he was elected to his first municipal office; and for over thirty years he has won every election he has contested. He still has the gift of making his audiences feel that they are the elect, that they alone see the right while the rest of the community is on the way to damnation; and he justifies and makes righteous the envy which the less prosperous are always liable to feel for the more prosperous, the panic fear which the threatened at least momentarily feel for the threats of war and of bombing.

His excessive squeamishness about punishment is more personal. He cannot bear the notion that murderers should be hanged, that criminals who have used violence should suffer violence or even that animals should be trapped. On these subjects his eloquence is unwearying, and his imputation of disgraceful motives to all who do not share his views unflagging. He obscurely remembers the diversion and instruction he enjoyed from mutilating insects; and he has never ceased to feel that the punishments inflicted by his father for these activities were both painful and unjust. While he continues to govern us—and his health remains good—he will do all in his power to weaken the arm of authority and to encourage the under-dog that bites.



*silence*

# "We Also Gratefully Remember..."

By H. F. ELLIS

**A**N inconceivable number of assistant masters are ranged in rows upon the platform. On no other occasion in the year is their multiplicity so apparent, for they are little given to flocking and even in chapel, absenteeism, dispersion and the shadows of the rearmost stalls combine to reduce their numbers to reasonable proportions. But here, in the School Hall, close-ranked, gowned and elevated, the sheer weight of massed pedagoguery is startlingly impressive.

Not perhaps to the Headmaster, who has his back to them as he stands with that familiar shy smile at the prize-giving table. To him they are no more than a sentence in the Report he is just about to make; "but for whose loyal co-operation" will do for *them*. But boys and parents, better placed for scrutiny and with time on their hands to coin less hackneyed phrases, are annually intrigued by the Staff's full muster. New boys in particular, not many months promoted to their public school, contrast the huge phalanx with the miserable scattering, Matron

included, that flanked the headmaster in their prep. school photograph, and experience a sudden freshet of pride in their altered status. To parents the spectacle brings a momentary understanding, almost an acceptance, of the size of the school's fees; all that lot, they conclude, have presumably got to be paid. Say five hundred a year each, on average, plus board? You could hardly offer those baldheads in front less than dustmen's wages. Multiply by four rows of fifteen or more—say sixty-five—and add a handsome whack for the Headmaster. Meanwhile a boy called Staggers has won a prize of sorts for mathematics. Odd name. Still, give him a clap as he goes up . . . and another, dash it all, as he comes down again. Forty thousand pounds or thereabouts in salaries takes a bit of finding. On the other hand, though, three hundred a year plus extras multiplied by seven hundred odd . . .

The more senior boys, too old to take pride in the size of the staff and too young to conceive of them as working for money, tend to observe them as

individuals rather than in the mass. It fascinates them to see how true to type, his own type, each master runs, even when on parade. Look at Brockley! Hands in pockets, eyes on his outstretched toes, he is intent on showing, as he has been for twenty-five years now, that he is not the kind of man to have anything to do with this kind of thing. Intellectually, his lowered eyelids proclaim, he is elsewhere. Anderson, on the other hand, is present in every way to an almost unbearable degree. He shines with eagerness, leaning a little forward in his seat, and his handclaps for the prizewinners, prolonged one beat beyond the rest, have a personal, almost a paternal quality, as though he had taught the whole lot single-handed. The falling-off in the fashion for appointing headmasters under thirty has not so much damped as redirected his energies; he is going to be a housemaster before he is forty or perish in the attempt. Observe his glowing eyes as Seabright shuffles modestly away with his Latin Verse prize.

Manners, unfairly exposed at the extreme end of the third row, is blushing as usual. He crosses his left leg over his right, pushes an exploratory forefinger into his lifted shoe, and finding nothing there but his instep uncrosses his legs again and rests his left elbow nonchalantly on where the arm of his chair would be if he had one of the kind reserved for Governors. He does not, alas, fall clean over sideways, but his colour approaches a school record. A likeable chap, quite good, in his apologetic way, at Fives. But Keenly! There he goes, inclining his long, grey face towards his neighbour and ejecting some acid comment from the corner of his mouth that makes poor old Gooby clasp his hands over his stomach and look guiltily over his spectacles at the headmaster's back. Sarcastic swine!

There goes Seabright again—Greek Prose this time—and Bunting, the staff's professional sloven, is showing a good three inches of mottled shin between his socks and those deplorable turn-ups. Seniority or no seniority, a man who has so richly earned the nickname of "Button B." should never be allowed in the front row. Why not promote that tidy little man at the back



"That child should have been in bed long ago!"

—Walters, is it?—who after all is never seen from one Founder's Day to another, except by boys who opt for the violin?

One grows tired of Seabright. Surely, when a boy has already received a glowing tribute in the Headmaster's Report on his Postmastership at Merton and has been up four times for first prizes, one might be spared his "Proxime Accessit" in the Ancient History Essay? The parents are tired of clapping him; the boys are browned off; even the masters, all but Anderson, have become markedly spasmodic. And here he comes again, for the Edward Clutterbuck Pen of Honour. He will go far, this boy. Nothing can stop him. Two years in the Army and four of brilliant achievement at the University, and he will be back again, on this or some not dissimilar platform, clap-clap-clapping in his turn. *Finis coronat opus.* The wheel turns full circle. Go to it, Seabright. After all, there are worse jobs—though Brockley, now busily affecting sleep, would hotly deny it. Better to be handing on the torch to others than to be profit-taking on brighter news from the East or passing minutes in the Ministry of Supply. And that handsome Cambridge Ancient History, Vol. V, with the school arms on the cover, will fetch a pound or so if the salary doesn't run to cigarettes.

"And now let us gratefully remember our Founder . . . Also Sir Jeffery Windlecombe, Andrew Stubb, Gentleman, Elizabeth Caine, and many other benefactors of this our School." The prayer is vague as to the precise benefactions of Sir Jeffery and these other subsidiary benefactors, but whatever it was they did for us they clearly made it conditional on an annual Mention. However the matter stands to-day, it seems to have been possible to purchase immortality round about the sixteenth century. Let us then by all means gratefully remember them, reminding ourselves at the same time that, if we are quickly out of here, we may yet beat those innumerable assistant masters to the raspberries-and-cream.

2 2

#### Lets Us Out

"No-one who has had experience of climbing upon a high Himalayan peak . . . can fail to have been gripped by the fine story of the two Swiss Expeditions in 1952."

Advertisement in *John o' London's Weekly*



"I'm afraid the inspector can't discuss your expenses accounts now, sir. He's at lunch: glass of milk, sandwich and bun, total 1/4½d."

## The Nabob

*It is now suggested that Stonehenge was built by a Mycenaean Greek for the chieftains of bronze-age Wessex.*

HE has a villa with amenities  
Up to the highest standards of the day  
And southward views, so that at night he sees  
The lights of Tiryns only hours away.  
He has much comfort and as much display  
As is considered proper to his rank,  
And finds life gay, as city life is gay  
For any man with money in the bank.

And only sometimes, on his evening walk,  
When the brief dusk is loud, and the huge walls  
Give back the hard day's heat, he is oppressed  
To think how sweet the thyme was on the chalk  
Those endless eves: and, half-amused, recalls  
The old, wild days in the tremendous west.

P. M. HUBBARD

# Having Writ, Moves On

By GILBERT C. SMITH

**A**T the Gate Tower visitors should look for G. HODGES, 12.7.1855. This is a fine example in Roman capitals with square-ended serifs, done with chisel and hammer; Hodges must have been all afternoon cutting that depth; he was without doubt a heavily-built independent type well equipped to discourage suggestions that it might be anti-social to inscribe his name on a priceless heritage.

Contrast this with the nearby P. TRUMPER, 6.8.1951—a thin piffling abrasion done with one eye on his wrist-watch and the other on the Ministry of Works. Already, after but three years, Trumper's frantic scratching is becoming hard to distinguish from the natural veining of the stone, whereas the handiwork of Hodges—like a true craftsman's—has enhanced the significance of the buttress and become incorporate with the general glory of the ruins.

Passing into the Keep itself we ascend a winding stair within the thickness of the wall, lighted at intervals by narrow windows. By each window there can be seen a jumbled mass of inscriptions dated within the past twenty years or so. These are done in pencil or with a cheap sort of plastic pen-knife. They should not detain us; each is a mere transient scrawl, signifying nothing but the scrawler's indifference to past and future. Notice how, in some cases, the anonymous exhibitionist has been satisfied with total irrelevance: UP BOLTON WANDERERS 1935, and DO NOT LEAN OUT OF THIS WINDOW IT IS ONLY FIVE INCHES WIDE.

Reaching the battlements we are rewarded by a magnificent view of JOHN MANLY 9 SEPT 1826, cut deep

into the head of a projecting gargoyle. This splendid specimen, we are glad to note, has been preserved from possible desecration by its inaccessibility; we ask ourselves how John did this thing with a hundred-and-twenty-feet drop below him.

Do not miss the corbels on the eastern bastion of the Keep. Note, for the strength and delicacy, the long-tailed italics of M G & A N over entwined hearts enclosing 21.6.83; many experts consider this the best petrograph in the Castle. Again, contrast this with the modern example below it: BOARS HEAD DARTS CHAMPIONS GOOD OLD CHARLIE 1949; this ball-pointed scribble written on the Ministry of Works notice forbidding defacement of the walls is typical of the petulant incongruities of our era.

Upon reaching ground-level again, proceed to the Barbican, noting the rugged breadth of JOS. TURNER 10 MAY

66 STEEPLE CUM ST PETERS, and of ALFRED BOTT HE DONE IT 4 AUGUST 59 LONG LIVE THE QUEEN.

Now cross the Inner Court to the Postern Gate. In the spring of the arch see the formal Mr & Mrs JAS. THWAITES 21 OCT 98, the massive THOS. HICKS 15 JUL 87, and the tremendous ALBERT EDWARD BOLLARD 7 Aug 91 & FAMILY. These examples are important, as they date the zenith of the craft; thereafter, as the student can confirm, began the long decline towards the furtive dilettantism of to-day.

Now pass through the Postern Gate and the exit turnstile into the High Street. And now, as you hurry towards the car-park, you can admit frankly it's not so much the Ministry of Works' awful warnings that stop you carving your name on the walls; it's the fact that you haven't got the time to do the job properly. You've got two more ruins to do this afternoon.

## The Revivalists

"The Daily Express wants to know about that prayer of yours, the one you remember best . . . Write to 'Prayer,' Daily Express, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4."—Daily Express

**T**HE actor cries "God bless you!"  
And bows his last good night;  
The curtain glides,  
And smoothly hides  
Each cheering proselyte.

"Embrace me!" croons the songstress,  
And, as her song is sung,  
The lights that gloat  
Upon her throat  
Show where a cross is hung.

Now come the heirs of Caxton,  
Staunch in a storm-tossed sea,  
Beseeching all,  
Or great or small,  
To bend a public knee.

O blessed time and holy,  
When in this vale of sin,  
The close-knit plan  
Of God and man  
Thus brings the harvest in!

J. B. BOOTHROYD



# Mildly Mad About Marlene

By WOLF MANKOWITZ

**B**E a work of art, or wear one. Or both. Dietrich's dress cost £3,000 and is based on an idea by Marlene. Dietrich was created by the German film director von Sternberg; he too had Marlene's assistance, but the production costs have never been estimated.

By 1932 Dietrich was showing Marlene a return of £1,740 a week, but the press still thought of her as "the famous film vamp." The next year her artistic authenticity was underwritten by academic connoisseur Cecil Beaton, who awarded her a golden apple tagged with the impractical suggestion that "Michelangelo alone could duplicate her." The title *The Blonde Venus*, following closely upon the judgment of Beaton, found Marlene dressing as a man and maternally anxious over her daughter's education. Dietrich felt it suitable for the girl to see *The Garden of Allah*, but Marlene kept her away from films about the love triangle.

The daughter grew quickly and so did the Dietrich. By 1936 Marlene was to be seen frequently in the company of the junior Douglas Fairbanks. Mobbed every time she appeared in public, she was in process of becoming a citizen of the United States, and, accordingly, earned some £50,000 per film. She has remained ever since in the solid golden apple business. At Las Vegas she is paid £10,000 a week. At the Café de Paris somewhat more than Noël Coward's weekly £1,000. Not surprisingly, then, Kenneth Tynan, a recent confidant, found her "a sated lioness." Wally Westmore, a practical Hollywood make-up man, less poetically observed that "Miss Dietrich is enough to drive you crazy. She is such a kisser. She needs a new mouth after every film kiss." Mr. Westmore concluded his analysis with the surprised observation—"I should say she is the hardest kisser in the business." And a very prosperous business too.

To observe that Dietrich is successfully promoted is not to detract from her significance as a contemporary myth. Venus herself, in the early years of her cult, required promoting. Mankind does not recognize on sight absolute good, absolute evil or any other absolute. A certain political sense, a

flair for the right contacts, a sense of timing, can help to establish in the public mind the value of both transcendental concepts and important works of art.

Dietrich is a work of art of immense value, being, like all the most important *objets*, unique. Furthermore, although she is not a poem, or a painting, or an alabaster statue (so that no human force can preserve her for ever as she is now in Las Vegas or gleaming against the pillar surmounting the carpeted steps of the Café de Paris) the myth which surrounds her like a cloud of perfumed pearl dust will remain. The Blonde Venus will join the Venus de Milo and the Aphrodite of Botticelli. The Dietrich will pass into the Pantheon when Marlene no longer holds the stage.

Marlene is quite pleased to be human. She hates and loves, is vain, fond of salami, is kind, cruel, humorous and entirely egocentric. Her worshippers pay Dietrich to remain the Blue Angel, but with the stipend Marlene tries to buy privacy. In London, the Oliver Messel suite (at 25 guineas a day) grows homely with the litter of signed photographs, newspaper cuttings, sleeping tablets, sliced sausage, and sheet music. In New York, she has a small homely flat in Park Avenue where she cooks nourishing meals for her friends, all of whom must have talent and at least one secret sorrow. But it is not for the human Marlene who cooks that the crowds flock to the Café de Paris. It is the Dietrich who expects every man to do his duty and worship that they gather to see.

For a quarter of a century Dietrich has never ceased to warn the men who gather round her (like moths around a

flame) that she can't help it. She has never ceased to warn them—they have never ceased to gather round her, and she never could help it—or wanted to. She accepts her fatality to the male just as she expects fading housewives in a hundred thousand suburbs and gauche girls wearing unsuitable fountain earrings to pray to her as the Madonna of undying allure (what all women—the women's papers say—absurdly imagine they would like to be to all men). So through the long night life of her sect, in unbroken descent from Salome but with resistant heads now served upon a platinum platter, Dietrich impersonates the triple Goddess, Mother, Wife and Courtesan, queening it to the repeated entreaty that she should live for ever. A sad hope for the mortal Marlene who fights mortality with poignant gallantry (and incredible success), defeated only by a wrinkle at the neck and a certain touching fragility of the fingers.

As the principal celebrant of the Dietrich sect, Marlene is a conscious performer at the highest level of theatrical artistry. Enacting upon the podium the prescribed character of the





"I didn't see anything I liked."

Goddess, she is fire and ice, Proserpine and Eurydice together with a kind of sexless Cocteau Orpheus. The eyes glare or invite, the lips writhe contemptuously or lovingly or lustfully. When Dietrich bows she does so at right angles, demonstrating at once her flexibility and the authenticity of her shape. The act is complete. Applaud at a distance, dear children, that you may not be blasted by her incandescent radiance—and also because a slight distance is essential in all dramatic art (for the suspension of disbelief). A little way off, the living statue is immortal alabaster, and Marlene (the show-woman) understands perfectly spatial relationships in the field of idolatry. The act, with the dress, and the myth, is for public consumption. The full extent of the intimacy we may aspire to is properly prescribed in the rules for worshippers issued by authority.

But for those who do not adore to adore Dietrich, Marlene is still one of the best acts in show business, and

deserves the applause. Behind the applause is a Marlene perfectly conscious of the burden of being a legend. She knows that for her public appearances the opalescent cloud is an essential property. She has created one tragic part which her public demands her to repeat again and again, hoping that the performance will never end—and yet (waiting for the end) speculating endlessly upon her age—and exaggerating it. *Who's Who* baldly states her birthday as 27 December 1904, but whatever the case it isn't practical for the queen to live for ever; though that Marlene is a physical phenomenon must simply be accepted. She just doesn't age at the normal rate, that's all. She looks and feels thirty-five, without effort—something strange in the metabolism perhaps, but not unique in theatrical history.

Now as she leaves for Monte Carlo, thence back to Las Vegas, her worshippers wait to applaud the next triumphal coming out of Aphrodite's débutante.

"Come back, Marlene, come back," they call. Co-co-come—far away behind the applause the Janning's school teacher, reduced to a crowing clown at the stockinged feet of the Blue Angel, still echoes faintly. The principal worshipper will always become a crowing clown who adores to adore the high heel stamping upon his bedraggled tail feathers. Dietrich wants it that way—so, you must understand, *liebchen*, Marlene simply can't help it.

§ §

"She burst out suddenly: 'I hate foreigners! I dream of them, little and dark, with beady little eyes like . . . like rats and mice.'"

It was Charlotte's turn to be bewildered. How could a little girl of nine who had spent the last four years of her life at an English school know anything about foreigners?"

From a story in "Woman"

It's hard to say, Charlotte. How old were you when you tumbled to them?

# The Backbone of the Public

By RICHARD MALLET

"BUT I do buy them both," said Cogbottle. "I'm one of the people Eliot implied approval of in his message to the first number of the *London*. The only thing is, I never seem to get around to reading them."

Upfoot cleared his throat. "You've . . . adumbrated this subject before," he said at last, carefully. "Years ago, when you were talking about the Third Programme I think it was. What it comes down to is you like them to be there, all these things, but you don't use them."

"Much," Cogbottle added with a sharp look.

"All right, you don't use them much. Then what good do you do?"

Cogbottle looked indignant. "I do more good than people who don't use them, as you put it, at all. And I do thousands of times more good than people who don't pay for them."

"You pay for the Third Programme?"

"As much as you do," said Cogbottle. "But forget the Third Programme. We're talking about *Encounter* and the *London Magazine*."

"And *World Review*. You'd be buying that," said Upfoot, "if it had resumed publication last autumn, as planned. As announced, when it ceased publication in May last year. You'd have all the numbers, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, all piled up on the table you keep that ashtray on. Hardly opened."

Cogbottle was silent for some moments, looking worried. "The great thing," he observed at last, "is to have a routine."

"You mean a page a day?"

"I mean a particular time for one particular thing. When do you read your newspaper?"

"At breakfast," said Upfoot. "And in the train."

"Exactly. And if for any reason you miss breakfast, as it might be that morning after you—"

"All right, all right."

"When you miss breakfast," Cogbottle repeated, "the day goes by and you find you haven't read the paper. And if you're given a lift in a car you miss it again."

"If you're thinking of breakfast as a good time for reading *Enc*—"

"I'm saying one's got to have a particular time," Cogbottle said, "that comes round regularly, when it's convenient to read some particular thing, that's all. Convenient and easy to take a habit of. Trouble with these monthly magazines, they come out just too seldom, as well as just too often."

Upfoot looked up under his brows, and hastily down.

"You're wondering what I mean," said Cogbottle with some confidence.

"No, no, I—"

"You know what I mean?"

"I should get it if you gave me time," said Upfoot sulkily.

"I mean," said Cogbottle, squaring his shoulders, "that one's own routine, at least mine, doesn't go by months." He paused. "Do you know," he went on, doing his best to make his eyes piercing, "I have a complete file—a complete file—of *Horizon*?"

Upfoot said suspiciously "What does that prove?"

"Nothing. But three-quarters of it I haven't read yet, though I think highly of all of it on principle. It came out every month, you see. Every now and then somebody mentions something that appeared in it, and I look it up in the index and read it. In due course I shall have read it all."

"If you live."

Cogbottle disregarded this. "What I do insist on," he said, "is that people like me are the backbone of the public for literary magazines. And people like you—people who are prevented from buying them by the foolish

consideration that there won't be time to read them now—"

"Do you realize how much I have to read?"

"Certainly. That's the point. It's a question of routine: what you have to read, you have a special time for reading. What happens once a month?"

Upfoot thought, and at last said doubtfully "I get a salary cheque."

"H'm," Cogbottle said. "The difficulty there is that— Well, I suppose it comes by post? At breakfast?"

"More often than not."

"No good," Cogbottle said, "unless a particular magazine always arrived at the same time, which you couldn't count on, and even then you'd miss reading the newspaper. How often do you have your hair cut?"

"When I get shaggy."

"But you could very well do it monthly," said Cogbottle, with a calculating look. He slapped the arm of his chair. "There you are: that's it. You subscribe to one of these magazines, and whenever a new number comes out you go to the barber, and get started on it there."

Upfoot looked round as if seeking escape.

"So," he said, "after all these years, I've not only got to start having my hair cut at a fixed time, but I'm stuck with a magazine which I have to read as it's being done. While you—what do you do?"

"I spend much more money on them," said Cogbottle complacently. "I buy them all, you admitted it yourself. They couldn't live without people like me. Whereas if there were only people like you, even the barbers—"



**F**AIRY-lights, music, trees, the sense of something dramatic round the corner, creepers growing up chandeliers, little restaurants with oil lamps and flowered shades, terraces full of large men holding large beers, fireworks over the lake, screams from the big wheel, the swish of feet along wooded paths, duck, sea-gulls, children, people walking, talking, making love decorously in municipal bowers, people just sitting, the clock on the Town Hall, Copenhagen's Big Ben. All these make up the Tivoli Gardens . . .

"Loppe, loppe, loppe!" chants the professor, pitching his voice professionally against the thunder of the giant racer, a fine figure of a man undiminished by the fact that his entire company, including Samson and Delilah, dines off his forearm every evening. Across the posters modestly suggesting that for this famous *Cirque de Puces d'Egypte* (Patronized by Royalty at Olympia, London) the whole globe has been combed for the very cream of miniscule virtuosity is the reassuring statement:

ALL FLEAS HARNESSED AND CANNOT  
ESCAPE!

Inside the booth, in a white circle of light, the professor's wife has pleasure in introducing the smallest artist in the world, only fourteen days old. At this time of year, she explains sadly into the mike, the delicate mechanism of the company's transport—their chariots, their golden curricles, their splendid hearse—is apt to be gummed up by the fluff from the lime-trees. But fortunately she is dexterous with a pin. We guess, correctly the winner of a trotting-race between two champions, one born in a public baths, the other in a Government office. The little boys in the front row, solemn and stalk-eyed, almost pass out as 'The Only Flea Footballer in the World' kicks a series of cup-winning goals. Then Mdlle. Bibette, a trim athlete in a feathered skirt, mounts the tightrope, and immediately falls off. The professor stops chanting and looks back at her sprawling figure as Charlotte might have looked if Beatrice Lillie had tripped up in a big number. In this mild crisis his wife is quick to whip on a Chinese juggler who makes no mistakes.

Outside, in a narrow canyon between the giant racer and a row of bars and booths, is one of the nicest things in

Tivoli, an open-air museum of past glories. One of the balloons which astonished Copenhagen in the 'nineties swings at moorings above a horse-drawn tram, ships' figureheads (why did Charlotte Brontë go to sea, or for that matter the young Victoria of the "bun penny?"), beautiful wooden horses from an old roundabout, and a line of tradesmen's signs jutting from the walls—a brass bull's head, metal umbrellas, pennyfarthings, and a cluster of eueptic cherubs munching golden fruit.

At Tivoli it is necessary to keep up one's strength, so come and have a *Böf Sandwich*, or come to one of the

the Danes never tire. Eightpence gets you in, and for that you can enjoy four orchestras, an open-air variety stage, and the only pantomime theatre where a complete Harlequinade still survives.

With a few shillings in your pocket Europe's classic fun-fair is wide open. After each round of the lake the motor-boats go into a little clinic for an injection of compressed air, which gives them just enough strength to take you out again. But the best boats at Tivoli tear round a dark, mysterious tank, a miniature marine dodgem, while outside you spin a schooner's wheel and



twenty-one restaurants in the gardens and order *Andesteg Agurkesalat Og Kompot*, and hear the waiter reply in Scandinavian Balliol "Certainly, sir, roast duck, stewed fruit and cucumber salad."

Prinny would have adored this place, with its top-dressing of minarets and onion-bulbs. Obviously a Dane had been to Brighton. More important, a Dane had been to Vauxhall, and brought back the idea of pleasure gardens on the grand scale, just as the Battersea architects in their turn had obviously been to Tivoli. It is really a monument to the acumen of a king, for Christian the Eighth was persuaded by Georg Carstensen that if people had enough fun they wouldn't fuss about politics.

Carstensen seems to have been a cross between Capability Brown and Charles Cochran. He went to work on the old defences of Copenhagen, turned the moat into a lake, and in 1843 let off the first rocket in this planned paradise in which nobody of whatever age or taste has any right to be unhappy. In London Tivoli would be the Green Park. In its short summer season four million visit it, and that is the total population of Denmark. It opens at nine in the morning, and shuts reluctantly at midnight, a family playground of which

attempt to save their gallant crews from piling up on rocks and lighthouses.

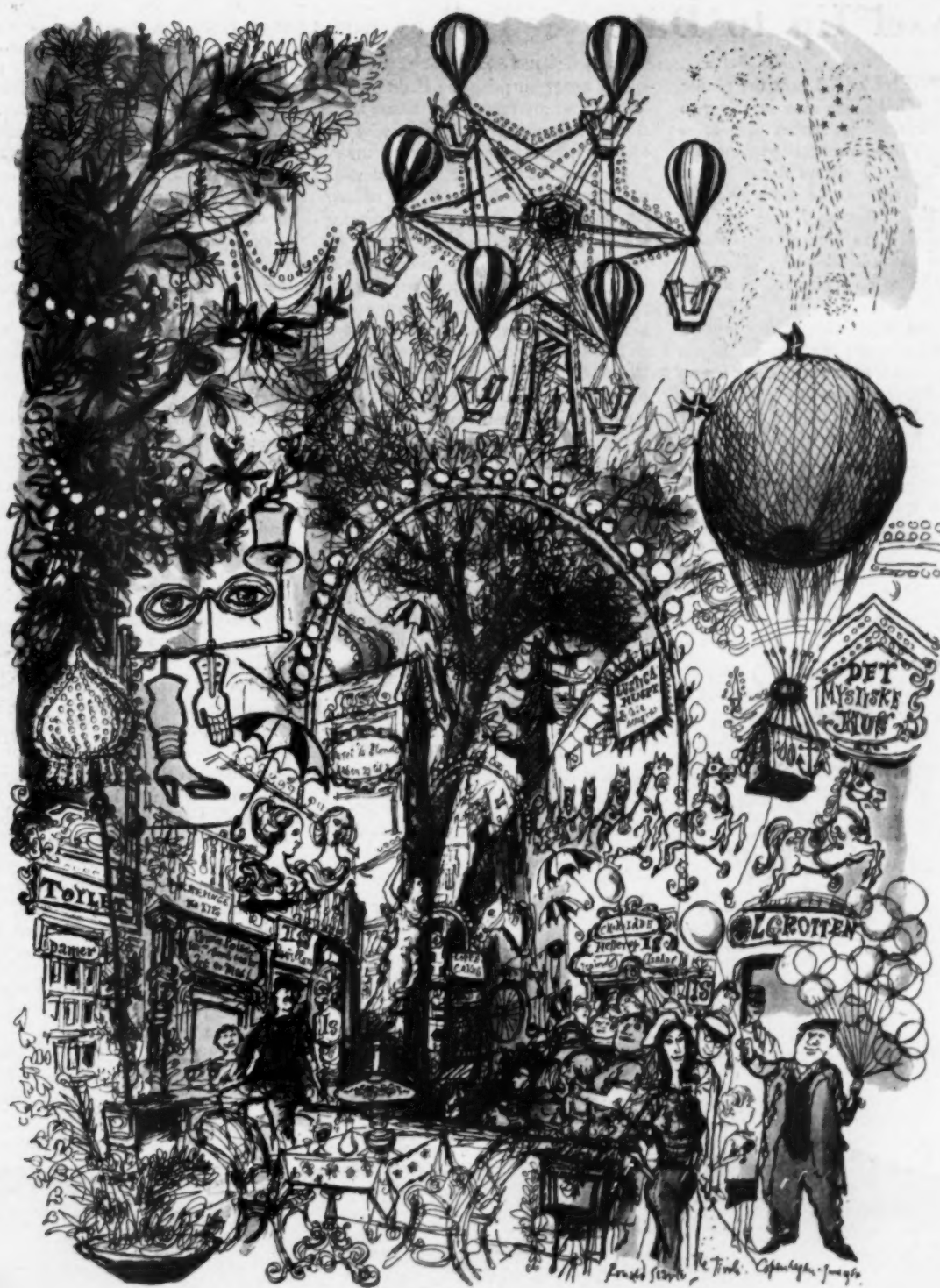
Daredevils can turn themselves all shades of green on a scenic railway like the Mappin Terrace without goats, on a diabolical big wheel whose balloons top the landscape, or on a roundabout of Viking ships in an aggressive hurry. Quieter souls can race monkeys up tropical branches or shoot a growling bear with an electric rifle, and easily win a very Lutheran church in celluloid which fits neatly into the waistcoat pocket. Most of the deepest human urges are catered for, in sideshows ranging from a lethal Hall of Mirrors to Smashing Up the Happy Home on such a generous scale that a china factory must be working night and day to supply it. Here for the tenth of a psychiatrist's fee all frustrations vanish in an absolute ecstasy of destruction, while two acolytes with glazed eyes press balls into your hand and shovel up the debris.

At the door of one of those cavernous little railways in which wet hands claw your face and wailing skeletons lurk round corners is the inviting sign:

KOM IND OG GRIN!

Presumably it means what it says, and it says it for the whole of Tivoli.

ERIC KEOWN



*Diary of a Tramp***Haysel Up to Date**

By RONALD DUNCAN

**W**HENEVER I hear the phrase "God made man in His own image" it strikes me as a particularly libellous slander against the Divine Form. I always flatter myself that I am not in the least like the average man. And as I gaze into this mirror now I can console myself that it needs a considerable effort of imagination to recognize me as a man at all.

I do not carry this mirror out of vanity but as a sort of passport. If you spend as much time as I do talking to myself ambling along the road you'd need to glance occasionally into a mirror too—not for reasons of toilet but in order to establish your identity and prove that you exist. The frontiers of sanity have sentries of solitude. And because I spend so much time alone it

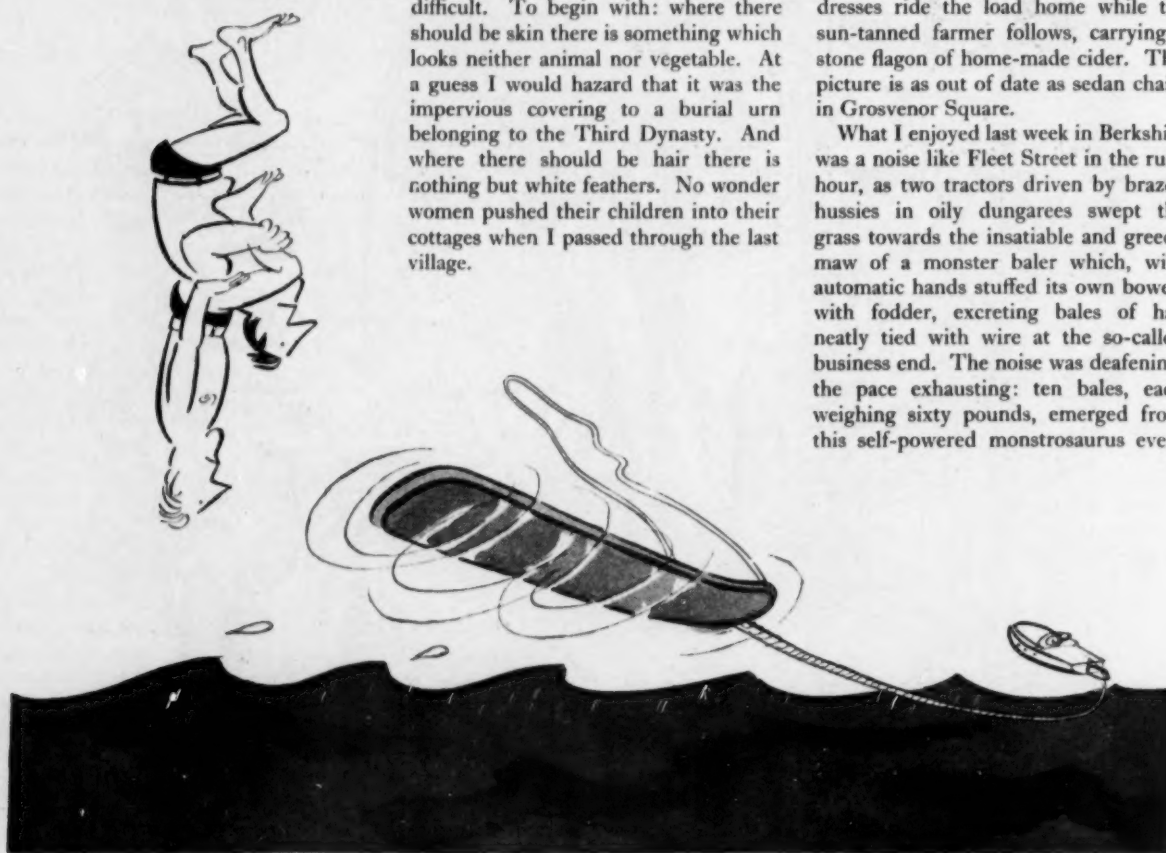
would never surprise me if one day I looked into my mirror and found there was no reflection. The reason why my identity is more precarious than yours is, I suppose, because we all exist only partially in ourselves. Much of our personality depends on others, hearing our name spoken, knowing friends are remembering us or forgetting us, even the occasional receipt of a circular can reassure many that they are, though that may be a surprise, and often is a pity.

The shock at finding no reflection at all would, however, be nothing to my present dilemma in which I fail to recognize this creature who stares out of the glass at me. I believe everybody suffers under the necessary delusion that they are more handsome than they appear: women at sixty still see themselves at thirty; and no man is ever grey, but prematurely. But for me it is more difficult. To begin with: where there should be skin there is something which looks neither animal nor vegetable. At a guess I would hazard that it was the impervious covering to a burial urn belonging to the Third Dynasty. And where there should be hair there is nothing but white feathers. No wonder women pushed their children into their cottages when I passed through the last village.

Removing these feathers is as painful as taking off an adhesive bandage. And doing this I resolve to leave modern agriculture well alone. It would be better to scrounge my way across the country, stealing all my meals. That procedure supposedly soils one's conscience, but that damage is well hidden, whereas the work I've had to do makes me look as ridiculous as a martyr who's forgotten his mission.

Sentimentalists—by which I mean anyone who lives within five miles of Leicester Square—still believe that the English hay-harvest is a quiet and leisurely affair, where a team of cart horses hauls a wagon burdened and blowsy with sweet-smelling grass that is combed by the overhanging hedges as it is drawn between the narrow lanes. And to complete this silly image, pastoral nymphs in pretty printed dresses ride the load home while the sun-tanned farmer follows, carrying a stone flagon of home-made cider. This picture is as out of date as sedan chairs in Grosvenor Square.

What I enjoyed last week in Berkshire was a noise like Fleet Street in the rush hour, as two tractors driven by brazen hussies in oily dungarees swept the grass towards the insatiable and greedy maw of a monster baler which, with automatic hands stuffed its own bowels with fodder, excreting bales of hay neatly tied with wire at the so-called business end. The noise was deafening, the pace exhausting: ten bales, each weighing sixty pounds, emerged from this self-powered monstrosaurus every





minute, which I, the muggins on the field, had to manhandle on to a trailer. The only relaxation came when I staggered to the hedge to vomit from the fumes of diesel oil.

It took me two days lying in a ditch to recover from this pleasant working holiday. When my blisters had subsided I decided to leave the hay fields well alone and volunteer for a few days' silage making. That's the worst of having a niece whose birthday's in September—especially when she's been told that her uncle is a rich oil man in Alberta; it makes my summers quite arduous saving up to preserve this illusion of her spring.

"The advantage of making silage," the farmer informed me, "is that it can be made in all weathers."

Peering out from the sodden sack which I wear over my head and shoulders as some protection I see what he means. But the precise advantage escapes me.

"Well, let's get cracking," he says, in his authentic Berkshire idiom, and vaults into his jeep.

The field we cut contained a mixture

of oats, peas and vetches. I discovered one of the advantages of making ensilage is that when the crop is both green and wet a forkful is so heavy that when you come to heave it on to the trailer either the stick snaps in your hand or your arms part from your shoulders. Or if you are working with an automatic pick-up loader you have to stand on the trailer to make the load while the malicious machine drawn along the trones buries you completely in the sodden fodder. No wonder horses can laugh hilariously in winter.

But these comforts are nothing to the main convenience, especially if the farmer has given you the job of spraying the silage with sticky molasses as the green stuff is piled into the pit.

"That's right, tread it round the edge!" he bellows, as armed with a watering-can containing the treacle, I sink up to my knees in syrupy vetch and sticky oats... It is indeed extraordinary just what science can do.

The day over, I snaffled one of his Aylesbury ducks, partially to satisfy my appetite but principally from motives of revenge. I crawled off to a wood, and

with a mirage of green peas before me I sat and plucked the bird while the unkind evening found a cruel breeze to feather me completely.

#### Can't Beat the Old Ones

"I often met Lord Mersey, who tried the Sackville case, as we were both members of the Wellington Club, and occasionally we lunched together. He was an interesting man, and had a ready answer to most questions. On one occasion, during the previous war, a young officer, who was his guest at a dinner party, said to him:

'I am surprised, my lord, that you've given us hock to drink.'

'Why are you surprised?' asked Mersey.

'Because it's a German wine, my lord.'

'Well, we intern it; don't we?'

From *"I Liked the Life I Lived,"* by Eveleigh Nash. (John Murray, 1941)

"Sitting round in the mess one evening, we were drinking hock out of tankards, and the following conversation ensued:

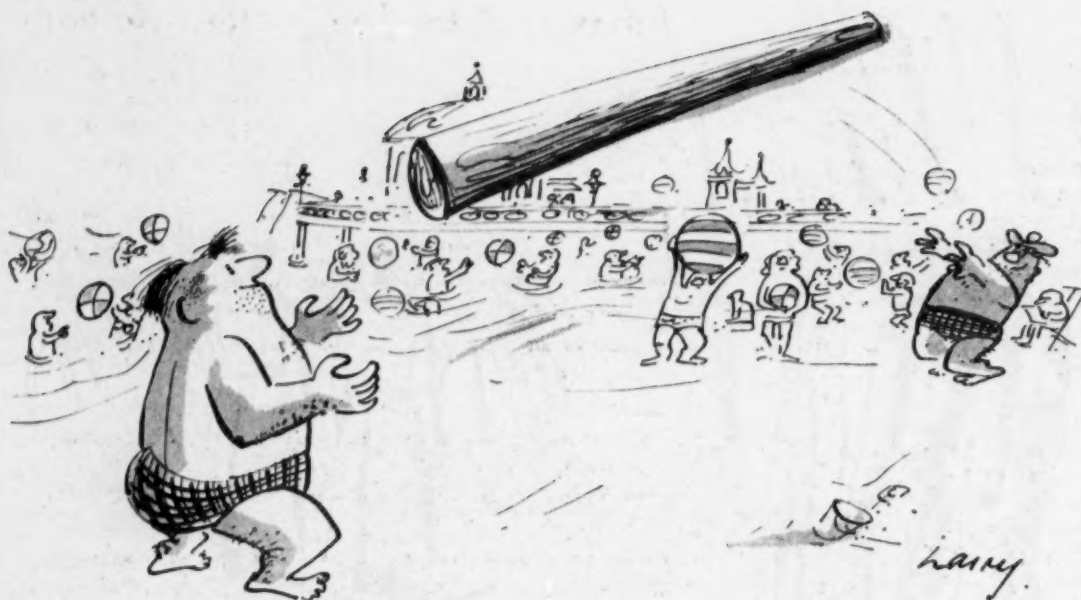
'Do you realise we are drinking hock?'

'Why not? It tastes as good out of a tankard as out of a glass.'

'No, what I mean is that it's a German drink.'

'So it is, still, not to worry; we're interning it, aren't we?'

From *"An Anthology from Roberta Cowell's Own Story,"* (Picture Post, 1954)



## The Last Tooth

By R. A. KNOX

I T stood there, a living monument to its dead fellows, dating from (I suppose) the South African War. Conscious of genuineness, it would curl my lip in derision of those prefabricated others which surrounded it. I valued it not only as a souvenir but as a guarantee of good faith; deceit might be found in my mouth, but it was tethered, by a gold band, to reality. I was careful not to overstate the case; "Don't do that," I have been saying, these last three years, "you set my tooth on edge." And "I am beginning to get my tooth into this proposition." And even (in the case of burglars) "Perhaps I ought to warn you that I am armed to the tooth." To-day, I no longer use metaphors; my tooth has been drawn.

It wasn't hurting exactly, but it was (as I told the dentist with a touch of assumed heroism) "a bit tender." The point was really that it was loose, and I was afraid it might come out in the course of ordinary mastication, without gas. Unlike most of my friends, I have a passion for gas—the even, pleasantly laboured breathing, the sensational dreams, the conviction, seldom absent, that in the moment of waking you have solved the whole riddle of existence. I always try to confide this to the dentist

without delay, only eliciting the reply "Rinse well, please." If I am ever found with my head in the oven I hope the jury will realize that it was an overdose of my favourite drug. But there is only one *excuse* for taking gas—having a tooth out. And it was my last tooth.

My dentist could be trusted for an extraction. When I had still three teeth left I remember telling a friend that Mr. — was not likely to emulate the Ancient Mariner. He had his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and there was a stranger present, not the usual anaesthetist. I asked him, in some panic, whether he practised hypnotism; it seemed not. The familiar ritual was followed. "Through the nose, please . . . That's right, quite gently, through the nose." A comfortable darkness enveloped me. The tooth came out, bystanders assured me afterwards, quite easily; so easily (psychologists please note) that no revelation of ultimate truth was granted me. I rinsed well, and was told to sit there quietly, recovering from the debauch.

I found myself rehearsing a little speech in my mind. "Well, gentlemen, we have (in a very real sense) come to the end of the row. I have been taking the chair at meetings of this kind for many years past, and I think it's true

to say that I have never opened my mouth without receiving respectful attention. I won't deny that there have been painful moments, moments at which I should have felt inclined to express myself strongly if I had been in a position to speak with greater freedom. But on the whole our motto has been 'A strong pull all together,' and our proceedings have never left a nasty taste in the mouth. Gentlemen, it may not have been a wrench for you, but it has for me; good afternoon." That was the general outline of it, but since my dentures had gone downstairs to be altered, I had to shorten it into "Hwa' you wewy uh."

Round at the barber's, the man said he hoped it would be many years before he found himself cutting my last hair; but it was a specious effort at consolation. Hair is but an appendage; when we lack it our friends say "He is going bald"; they do not state the plain fact that we are becoming hairless. But toothlessness is a predicament for which our language has no hypocorism; it is a secret shame not to be mentioned. To be sure, it can be disguised far more efficiently than hairlessness. A wig, even if it is not bought at the expense of the tax-payer, rarely deceives; whereas I read an article by a dentist the other

day in which he boasted that a client, when a decayed front tooth was replaced by a stand-in, had three proposals in a fortnight. But hair is an integument; teeth are functional. My admirable dentures, though not perhaps calculated to excite emotion, hoodwink the public well enough; but they do not hold a pipe as I used to be able to hold it; I am for ever brushing away ashes, and sometimes they burn holes.

Going to bed that night was the really shaming performance. Man is, after all, a creature of the rut, and never more so than when he goes to bed. The whole process, from long use, has become automatic; how surely the unwound watch convicts us of revelry overnight! When we were young, and still learning the drill, our elders used to pop their heads in and ask "Have you said-your-prayers-and-brushed-your-teeth?"—as if the two obligations rested on a common basis. And here was I, with a glass of warm water filled according to custom, stretching out my hand to grasp the familiar brush, the companion of so many travels... My days linked each to each by natural piety, I was for brushing my tooth before retiring. The bristles swept, rather painfully, over an exposed gum. In silence (for I was in no position to enunciate dentals) I took up my false-tooth-brush.

My real-tooth-brush looked up at me with an air of thwarted expectation, like a dog that is not to be taken out for a walk. Some use must be found for it, even if I have to clean the keys of my typewriter. Meanwhile, here is a free offer to any reader who cares to defray the cost of postage—a tube of tooth-paste, only half-used, and tasting rather unpleasantly of aniseed.

## "Odyssey" Filmed on a Homeric Scale

*"A movie version of Homer's 'Odyssey' has gone before the cameras in Rome. Writers Ben Hecht, Irvin Shaw and Hugh Gray will retain certain elements of the saga, but will lose no element of universal appeal purely for the sake of classicism."*

New York Herald-Tribune

TELL me, O Muse, of the men, the men of the many devices  
Who wandered a full many ways since TV has threatened their city  
Hollywood, holy by name; they however have left her  
Embarking on Italy's shore, escaping the fast tax collector.

Hecht, Shaw and Gray they by name, their fountain-pens swifter  
than bird-flight,

Threefold and yet undivided, as of green-haired Poseidon the trident.  
Of these it was Shaw who stood forth and in kind intention addressed  
them:

"More highbrow than both of you think is the public which still loves  
the movies.

Consider the features they make, in France and in cloudy-skied Britain,  
Subtle of purpose they are, yet many are those who pay entrance.  
Abide by the poet we shall, thus commands me my artist's own  
conscience."

So he spoke, but these two stayed stricken, regarding each other in  
silence.

Utter amazement was theirs. He had spoken to them very strongly.  
But finally Benjamin Hecht, a man ripe in years and in learning,  
Slowly put out his cigar, and rose to his feet to reply him:

"O man of the lions, what now, what words are escaping your  
teeth-rows?

Has grey-eyed Athene befogged you, or is vino dulling your senses?  
Why do you think that we work, for the fifty-cents crowd of the  
Playhouse?

Cunning Odysseus may be, yet too many his words and his detours  
Even for Radio City's big screen, the writer's silvery target.  
Take up your pen without fear, scratch all those gods from the extras!  
Zeus is forgotten by now. Technicolored sex is eternal,  
Odysseus the first of G.I.s whose home-coming was unduly snafued."

HANS KONIGSBERGER



## Over to You, Roger

By ERIC NICOL



ALTHOUGH the committee has yet to be appointed, there seems to be little doubt that Vancouver will raise a statue to Roger Bannister, the young London doctor who was the first man to run a four-minute mile. The people of Vancouver took Roger to their hearts. They felt that no Englishman had done so much for their city since Captain George discovered the place.

The reason for this infatuation is that Vancouver is host for the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, and Roger Bannister is coming to run in them. Up to the day when Roger cracked off the mile in 3.59.4, the Games lacked a star. The organizers of the Games had exhorted the citizens to recognize the value of the B.E.G. as a contribution to better understanding among members of the Commonwealth, but the citizens remained glum.

The citizens were paying one and a half million for the new B.E.G. stadium, another million for the new B.E.G. swimming pool and cycle track. The people of Vancouver are a hard-headed lot, and it takes a prodigious amount of better understanding among nations to equal two and a half millions in cash. The general feeling was that even if the athletes all exchanged countries after the Games in an orgy of good fellowship the city was still taking a beating financially.

Roger's mile changed all that. His accomplishment made black headlines on the front page of Vancouver newspapers. His getting nowhere in the shortest time displaced the Geneva Conference and other examples of getting nowhere in the longest time. His record-breaking run was called "the dream mile" and "the miracle mile," so that the event took on an exciting aura of the supernatural, a miraculous deliverance of Vancouver from a conclave of also-rans. For, though the Commonwealth undoubtedly contains many fine athletes, the impression has been among the great mass of Vancouver citizens who know even less about athletics than your correspondent that nearly all the champions come either from the U.S. or from behind the iron curtain. Although

nobody said so, many people felt that a sports meeting that excluded the Big Two was rather like taking out your sister—admirable, perhaps, but not too interesting.

Also, in the B.E. Games there is no official scoring of points won by countries, so that there wasn't even any bad feeling to look forward to. The prospects looked grey, till Britain's Bannister sank his spikes into these depressives.

The B.E.G. committee has been flipping its stacks of tickets with a new smugness, confident that large numbers of Americans will be converging on Vancouver for a look at the person who has put them in the awkward position of having to produce the first man to run the three-minute mile. Better still, Roger has brightened up a part of the Games that previously had limited appeal, attracting to the stadium much of that major portion of Canadians to

whom a track event is usually only a derailment on the C.P.R. He couldn't have performed his miracle in a better sport.

The sculling events, for instance, are naturally dramatic. And everybody will want to see the Fijian javelin throwers. And large crowds can be depended upon to turn out for the cycle races, in hopes of nasty business on the turns. But the mile run, despite rumours of a remarkable Australian runner, hadn't really fired the popular imagination until Roger gave it glamour.

With so much depending on the miler from St. Mary's, Vancouver hoped that nothing happened to prevent his coming to the Games. When the news came that he had celebrated his triumph with a gay, all-night round of London night-clubs, Vancouver shivered as though an icy hand had been placed on its wallet. When the further news came that Roger had received offers from American TV programmes there was fierce muttering about Yankee imperialism.

Then came the announcement that Landy, of Australia, had since bettered Bannister's time. But, providentially, Landy is also coming to the games.

As for the other seven hundred athletes from twenty-five countries, Vancouver is going flat out to make their visit memorable. For the swimmers and divers every effort will be made to make sure that the new Empire pool has water in it. Special food for the Moslem and Hindu athletes will be available at the Empire Village, and supplies of marmalade have been laid in for the English team.

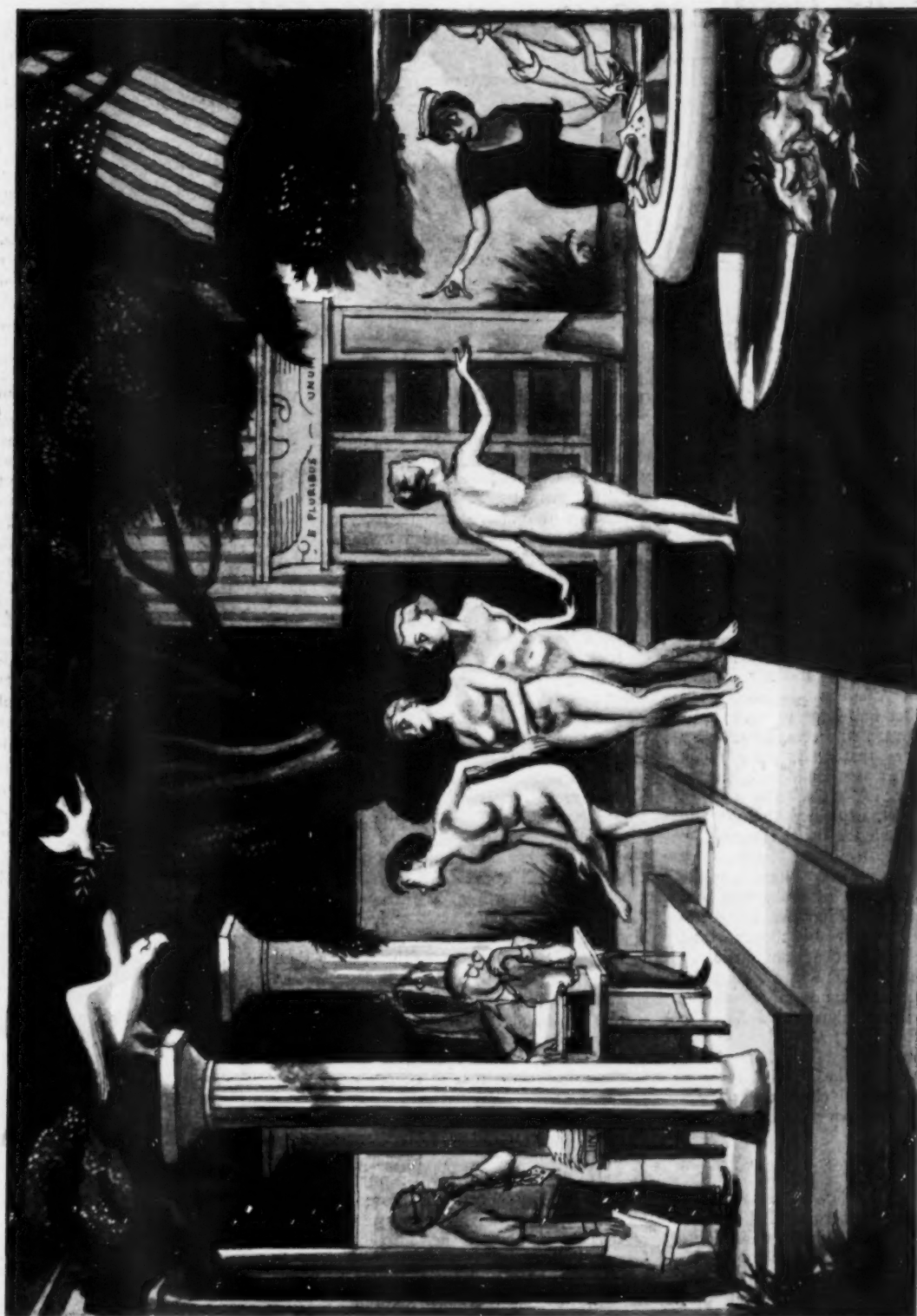
And if Roger Bannister can't see what he wants, he won't have to stir one of those precious legs. In the classic phrase of Miss Lauren Bacall, he need "just whistle." A grateful Vancouver will come a-running.

5 5

"The price of house coal in London and the south went up by 2s. 6d. a ton yesterday, in accordance with the National Coal Board's summer scheme, which provided for a reduction of 10s. a ton. With yesterday's increase coal in the south will be 7s. 6d. a ton cheaper until Aug. 31."—*Daily Telegraph*  
Stock up while it's still dear.



MASTERPIECES OF VICTORIAN ART RESTORED



Norman Macbride

After "A Visit to Acadolus," by Sir Edward John Poynter

*Immigrants Applying for Visas at the United States Embassy*

# IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



## Monday, July 12

The shadow of the guillotine falls doubtless more ominously on the *sacres aristos* than on the mere Commons, and the Lords not only assembled on a Monday for the committee stage of the Television Bill but sat until after midnight. Thirty amendments were dealt with in this period, a splendid example for the Lower House.

Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL's report to the Commons on his and Mr. EDEN's activities in America was interrupted after the first half-hour or so by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who complained, on a point of order, that it was not so much a statement as a series of opinions on policy. Sir WINSTON, who was in splendid heart, explained that he had offered, through the usual channels, to make his statement on Wednesday if the Opposition wanted to have it on the day of the Foreign Affairs debate, but they had preferred Monday. The statement was of considerably more interest than the joint declaration made by Premier and President at Washington, the platitudinous nature of which Sir WINSTON acknowledged but declined to apologize for.

When he had finished, Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER moved the Third Reading of the Finance Bill with elegance and without notes (except once, when he was quoting Dryden).

## Tuesday, July 13

Some of the Lords who have not been lords very long were misled by the House of Lords: Strained Nobility House of Commons: Macmillan's Charter is keeping this week into the belief that they could behave as if they were

commoners again (though the civilized practice of adjourning for dinner at half-past seven should have reminded them where they were). For this they were roundly chastened. Lord HORE-BELISHA was the first offender; he opposed, in patronizing terms, an amendment to which Lord WAVERLEY had been speaking, and was informed by Lord JOWITT (who has been a peer for nine years and gives the impression of having been one for ninety), "If I may tell the noble Lord so, we do not do that kind of thing in this House, as he will appreciate when he has been here a little longer." Later Lord HAILSHAM's use of the phrase "insolent rubbish" provoked Lord SALISBURY to that kind of patrician disapproval for which his visage is so admirably suited. There were Ministerial cheers that had obviously been stifled for some time when the noble Marquess observed that the Government did not pay much attention to the words Lord HAILSHAM used (he had originally misquoted "insolent" as "infamous," and Lord HAILSHAM corrected him), since his method of trying to persuade the House was gratuitously to insult them in every speech he delivered. Lord HAILSHAM then complained that Lord SALISBURY was bullying him, and the episode ended with a round of apologies.

Their Lordships rose at twenty past eleven.

The report stage of the Town and Country Planning Bill gave Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN another chance to show off his hatred of landlords. Mr. LINDGREN's reaction to any housing measure put forward by a Conservative government is the classic one of the Two Black Crows—"Boy, even if that was good, I wouldn't like it." The Bill's Third Reading was carried by the curiously large majority of sixty.

## Wednesday, July 14

A fuss, inaugurated by Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, over a question about resumed negotiations with Egypt, threw Sir WINSTON into a bad temper before the Foreign Affairs debate had even begun. Consequently he stepped off with the wrong foot by characterizing Mr. ATTLEE's restrained and constructive observations that opened the debate as "one long whine of criticism of the United States." "Scandalous!" shouted the Opposition. Sir WINSTON glowered at them. "We are allowed to debate, you know, still," he said—"not just to yelp from below the gangway."



Lord Hailsham and Lord Salisbury

But by the time he had dealt with the problems of Communist China's seat at the United Nations, Guatemala, and the hydrogen bomb, he had talked himself into a good temper. He even essayed a joke about the 1922 Committee. And when he had also covered Egypt and E.D.C., he was beaming happily. He answered interventions from Mr. ATTLEE, Mr. BEVAN and Mr. WARBEY without rancour, and observed with his nicest smile, "I think that's as good a moment to sit down as I'm likely to find."

The Opposition the House wanted to hear was not that of Mr. STRACHEY, who spoke next, but of Captain WATERHOUSE, who followed him. The gallant Captain puts well his case for keeping our forces in the Canal Zone and abstaining from any negotiation with the Egyptians; the sad fact is that, everywhere but on certain Tory back benches, his mode of thought and expression has been out of fashion for some forty years. The House listened to him with deep attention none the less. Sir WINSTON sat silent, his hands in his lap, thinking wistfully, perhaps, how nice it would be if he had no responsibilities and could join the Waterhouse faction himself. Major LEGGE-BOURKE, who—*plus royaliste que le roi*—had that day resigned from the Conservative Party on the Waterhouse line, watched his new leader intently from the front bench below the gangway. Once, when Captain WATERHOUSE thoughtlessly observed that

S.D.F. officers had been "given a month's notice, like a farm-worker," the Opposition bayed at him happily. There was a short, sharp, localized burst of cheering when he sat down.

Major LEGGE-BOURKE later in the evening ventilated his fundamental inability to agree with the Government's "defeatist" foreign policy. The hole he left in the Tory ranks was unexpectedly plugged by Mr. STANLEY EVANS from the Labour benches, who, in his best manner (which is very good indeed), paid tribute to the influence of America for peace and to Sir WINSTON as to-day's great peacemonger.

#### Thursday, July 15

"In view of the Minister's misleading reply," said Mr. SWINGLER, after Miss

House of Commons: Horsbrough had  
Leaking Materials given him what  
was clearly meant

for a reassuring answer about her attitude to comprehensive schools, he would raise the matter on the adjournment. "Withdraw!" cried the Tories angrily. The Speaker addressed Mr. SWINGLER in the tones of a kindly schoolmaster. "That is not the proper language to use," he explained gently. "A Member should refer to the *unsatisfactory* nature of a reply." So Mr. SWINGLER said "unsatisfactory" in the way you say it when you mean "misleading."

The Speaker was less kindly towards Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS. When the Prime Minister rose to announce the dissolution of the Ministry of Materials, Mr. LEWIS rose to protest that the announcement had already been given to the evening newspapers. Sir WINSTON was in his most obliging mood. While he allowed that it was the duty of the Press to find things out, he preferred to have the advantage of surprise in making the statement himself; but he would have an inquiry made. For some reason this did not satisfy Mr. LEWIS, who went through the procedure known as "going on and on about it," until it seemed as if he might end by adopting his old Savoy Hotel tactics and lying down on the floor of the House to obstruct its progress. The Speaker became positively gruff. Not so Sir WINSTON, however, who, after the long time-expending interruption, resumed: "With your permission, Mr. Speaker, and"—with a little bow—"that of the honourable Member, I can perhaps make the statement."

Scotland occupied the House for the rest of the day. It was particularly interesting to hear the ex-firebrand, Mr. MCGOVERN, pitching into the



unions for encouraging the activities of shop-stewards. Next to Mr. STANLEY EVANS, Mr. MCGOVERN has become perhaps the most confirmed right-wing element of the Opposition benches.

#### Friday, July 16

Scottish affairs fill the House with Scottish Members, Welsh affairs with Welsh; but Manx House of Commons: Old Manx Customs affairs have no such support.

True, they play little part in the deliberations of the House, for the Isle of Man has its own assembly; but Great Britain allows two million pounds a year pocket-money to its sister island, and it is not unnatural for some Members, even if they are not Manxmen, to express a certain curiosity about the transaction.

On this occasion Mr. BING had put down an amendment declining to give a second reading to the annual Isle of Man (Customs) Bill on the ground that Parliament provided the money and ought therefore to control the spending of it. He skated over the whole of Manx territory like a T.T. motorcyclist for fifty minutes, pulling up only when the Speaker accused him of too great a degree of irrelevance, before subsiding into his place to watch the garrulous team he had collected to support him—Mr. WILLEY and Mr. HALE and Mr. SWINGLER were all obviously well primed to take part in the debate and submerge the entire island in a sea of words. B. A. YOUNG



Lord Jowitt and Lord Hore-Belisha



## BOOKING OFFICE

### American Realism

**Stephen Crane: An Omnibus.** Edited by R. Wooster Stallman. Heinemann, 21/-

IN any account of the development of American literature Stephen Crane (1871-1900) would probably be given a place among the dozen outstanding American writers. In this country he is nowadays not widely known, except for *The Red Badge of Courage*; and such inquiries as I have made on the subject indicate that even those who have read that work do not remember much about it. The present volume contains three novels, ten short stories, sixteen poems, and fifty-seven unpublished letters. Professor Wooster Stallman provides illuminating, if at times rather verbose, introductions to the various sections; so that here is everything of Stephen Crane that anyone could reasonably demand.

Crane, whose family background was one of professional journalism, had always intended to live hard, and he himself expected an early death. He was a great drinker, and married (at least there is some rather tenuous evidence that he married) the former wife of a British official and holder of the C.M.G. This lady ran a house of ill-fame called the Hotel de Dream in Jacksonville, Florida. She was a good wife to Crane. When he decided to settle in England they lived in the Elizabethan manor of Brede Place in Sussex. On his death she returned to her former profession in Jacksonville; but her new establishment was then modelled on Brede Place.

When *The Red Badge of Courage* appeared in 1895 the story—it is a very long short-story or very short novel—had little success with the American critics. It was not until its publication in England that Crane was greeted as a new and brilliant star. He was compared—with extraordinary inappropriateness—to Kipling, and was immediately accepted into the circle of writers like James and Conrad.

Professor Stallman takes the convincing view that it is nonsense to talk of Crane's early death as if it cut short a long career of genius. Crane, in his opinion, burnt himself out, producing quickly what was of value in him as a

writer. It certainly looks as if that were the truth; and in any case, it is idle to suppose that a man like Crane would ever have behaved very differently. There is said to have been a frightful moment when he arrived hopelessly drunk to dine in the normally rather severe surroundings of Lamb House, Rye, with Henry James.

I have to admit that I have never before read any Crane. I was disappointed. Perhaps he has been described too enthusiastically. Obviously



he is a writer with a strong sense of physical emotion, and no doubt he seemed specially remarkable appearing at the moment he did with his particular brand of "realism." *The Red Badge* describes how a young man joins the Northern Army in the American Civil War. He is overcome with fear when he first goes into action, but eventually recovers himself. It was, of course, a great step to tackle such a situation, anything to do with the Civil War having hitherto been treated in the United States as heroic melodrama.

Crane scarcely deals at all with individual character. His persons are "the tall soldier," "the newly married wife," "the woman of the streets," and his writing might be compared with the technique of a drunk man telling a story very carefully and vividly. His mouth always seems to be too full of words.

He was the forerunner of writers like Frank Norris, Jack London and Theodore Dreiser. The extreme abruptness of Mr. Ernest Hemingway is the reaction of a later generation from the treatment of "tough" material in the manner of Crane and his immediate successors.

"When he knew that he and his comrades had failed to do anything in successful ways that might bring the little pangs of a kind of remorse upon the officer, the youth allowed the rage of the baffled to possess him. This cold officer upon a monument, who dropped epithets unconcernedly down, would be finer as a dead man, he thought. So grievous did he think it that he could never possess the secret right to taunt truly in answer." (*The Red Badge of Courage*.)

You see, it is not exactly easy going and the question is whether you are much farther at the end of it. One may be prepared to put up with any convolutions of writing if they enlarge the understanding, but so much of *The Red Badge*, not to mention the other stories, seems merely overwritten. Certainly Crane opened the way in the future to some very dull writing—endless fourth-rate stories about down-and-outs and the Bowery.

Perhaps I am unfair to Crane. He was an innovator, and innovators in literature often have to shoulder the sins of less competent disciples who follow them. He was obsessed with the themes of fear, danger and violence. There is more than a suggestion of what psychologists call "the death wish." He seemed to me of interest as a milestone in American writing rather than as a writer we still enjoy for his own sake.

ANTHONY POWELL

### Aimless Hero

**Under the Net.** Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus, 12/6

Miss Murdoch is an interesting addition to our new humorous novelists. Unlike Messrs. Amis and Wain she is determinedly metropolitan, wayward, a little arty, and her aimless hero Jake Donaghue moves most happily in Shepherd's Bush and the Old Kent Road. To a Fleet Street and City pub

crawl she brings a poetic vision that notes the coloured shells of houses, blank squares of window, suicide notes written after midnight in the cavernous G.P.O. She is very funny about the kidnapping of a film star dog, funny, too, about betting and politics, a little solemn about Love. Intent to avoid all personal responsibilities, Jake at last takes full charge of the dog, Mister Mars. That is a nicely ironic touch, but is it meant, quite, as irony? If *Under the Net* is not altogether a success, despite its many intelligent and amusing passages, that is because Miss Murdoch's pleasing flippancy about the practical problems of her hero turns to rather soggy seriousness when she comes to consider his emotions. J. S.

**El Greco Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture.** Ludwig Goldscheider. Phaidon Press, 42/-

The high quality of Phaidon reproduction is shown by their third El Greco edition, being largely a reprint of the first (1938) and yet still able to stand comparison, favourably, with far more recent productions by a host of competitors. Only one or two of the twelve colour plates (out of a total of two hundred photographs) may be questioned as being not up to the high standard now exacted in this class of work. Against this the National Gallery "The Cleansing of the Temple" (No. 140) and "The Despoiling of Christ" (No. 28) are particularly successful.

Mr. Goldscheider's preface mentions Greco's Cretan origin, his training in Venice under Titian and Tintoretto, absorbing their marvellous qualities and technique, until his eventual settlement in 1577 in Toledo, then "the religious centre of Europe," and the achievement of his own greatness. He does, of course, accept as intentional Greco's frequent elongations of limbs and bodies, which once, I believe, caused an irretrievably factually minded German to have special lenses manufactured for those of his countrymen visiting Toledo, to correct the "aberration." This book is really good value. A. D.

**Spare the Rod.** Michael Croft. Longmans, 10/6

A passionate belief in some kind of education beyond merely keeping the young quiet with threats and canes drives Mr. Croft through his novel. He gives a vivid, if slightly odd, picture of the seedy Secondary Modern School and the earnest, humourless novice who tries to guide his form sympathetically and is reduced by them to reliance on force. I found it quite incredible that in a tough school, where many of the children were heading for the dock, it should be days before the new master's class moved on from gentle teasing. It is also incredible that even the more apeline pupils should have been reduced to terror by the threat of a single stroke with

the cane, apparently the school's main sanction.

Mr. Croft might have hammered home the responsibility of the Local Authority, who, by providing so little for the children to do, gave excuses for lazy teaching. The last ten years have not been a very bright time in educational administration, and it is rather horrifying to see what the Butler Act has produced in practice.

R. G. G. P.

**A Few Late Chrysanthemums.** John Betjeman. Murray, 9/6

Mr. John Betjeman's latest volume has some splendid pieces of verse in it. Sometimes the straight satire is a shade less lightly handled than usual, but the nostalgic memories are of the best. The tone is perhaps a trifle sadder than formerly, with more thoughts of man's mortality and less Victorian Revivalism and Surrey social life. It is traditional, in the best sense, and occasionally the ear detects a distant echo of unexpected poets like Scott or Kipling. "Harrow-on-the-Hill," "The Licorice Fields of Pontefract," and "Business Girls" might be picked out from others equally deserving of mention. "Original Sin on the Sussex Coast" seems to be part of the long poem of childhood which began in Cornwall, and which we hope will eventually take shape as an epic. The last lines of "Norfolk" set the mood of the book as a whole:

"... Time, bring back

The rapturous ignorance of long ago,  
The peace, before the dreadful daylight starts,

Of unkept promises and broken hearts."

A. P.

**The Derby Stakes (1900-53).** Vincent Orchard. Hutchinson, 21/-

Covering every Derby seen by all but the very oldest of present-day race-goers, this book will be of absorbing interest to followers of racing. It is sensibly arranged, each year having a chapter to itself, and the races are accurately and indeed sometimes dramatically described.

You can take your pick as to the most exciting Derby of this century. Was it Aboyne's year when five horses finished in a line and Cranganour was disqualified, or was it 1949 when gallant Nimbus held on to win by a head and a head? Then again, which was the best winner—the runaway Coronach, the mighty Bahram or the exquisite Hyperion? All these questions are posed and some of them answered.

I never care greatly for still photograph portraits of racehorses, for the horse's individuality, for some reason, is never caught by the camera. Each chapter, however, also contains a photograph of the winner passing the post, and this reveals the complete mastery of Hyperion and Pinza over their respective opponents. This is the best book on racing published since the war. G. T.

**Air Commando.** Serge Vaculik. Jarrolds, 15/-

The author, a Czech born in Moravia who became very attached to France, his adopted country, tells of his sufferings and privations at the hands of the Germans during the last war. After being lucky to survive Dunkirk he escaped on the way to a prison camp and made his way across France and the Pyrenees to Spain, only to be imprisoned there and again in Portugal. Eventually arriving in England to join the Free French, he was again imprisoned in Pentonville under regulation 18B, but after six weeks was permitted to join the Free French forces. His commando training and first successful sabotage raid when parachuted into France make excellent reading. A further sabotage expedition misfired and he suffered torture at the hands of the Germans, culminating in the firing squad from which he had a miraculous escape. The author, being French by adoption from the age of five, had natural advantages over British men when making his escapes, and one forms the impression that he was fortunate in that whenever he sought the aid of the local people he always picked the right ones, but that may be because most French locals were sympathetic to the escapees.

This is the type of book which can hold the reader who has not had a surfeit of escape stories.

A. V.

**The Pleasures of Architecture.** C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Cape, 16/-

**Form and Reform in Architecture.** Halycon Press, 15/-

*The Pleasures of Architecture* first appeared in 1924, winning instant approval. This is the fifth version of it, up-to-date and newly illustrated. The authors' approach is deliberately unacademic and "light-hearted"; at bottom profoundly serious. They explain with wit and point what architecture is "in



"Would you mind taking middle-and-leg?  
I'm on TV as well as you, you know."

aid of," how to look at, criticize and above all enjoy it; what goes on behind the architect's eyes. A lively, informed introduction to the art which of all arts most radically affects our lives.

"By Reform in Architecture," writes Mr. Hume, "I mean the changes in architectural design which have taken place since the power-driven machine began to exercise its influence on society during the first half of the nineteenth century." By mid-century aesthetic, social, religious consciences were deeply stirred by the horrifying squalor produced by "enlightened self-interest." The dreamers offered their final comprehensive prescriptions, from Pugin, Ruskin and Morris crying for the (dead) moon to Le Corbusier and the extreme functionalists essaying to dictate a permanent formula for buildings as machines to live and work in. There is, there can be, no such formula the author insists, critically testing these "romantic" theories and offering his own sober conclusions. A mature, well-argued essay addressed to professionals and instructed amateurs.

J. P. T.

**Return from Hell.** Jules Roy, D.F.C. Kimber, 15/-

The author of this book was the captain of a bomber's crew in the Free French Air Force, who compiled a diary as a form of expression to focus his thoughts during a tour of bomber operations from July 1944 to March 1945. His intention was not to give a detailed description of bomber raids over enemy territory in an epic vein but to record his innermost thoughts and feelings when face to face with his soul. It reveals the fearful and anxious state of mind which must have existed in many captains of bomber crews, although the majority of them would be loath to admit it. The ever present possibility of colliding with a friendly aircraft during mass bombing raids, particularly in cloudy weather, is an obvious strain on the captain who may be more concerned for his crew than for himself when he knows their family responsibilities.

While the author may be charged with attempting to put an end to the eternal legend of the fearless knight-errant, one must realize that at his age he was bound to take a more serious outlook than those R.A.F. captains who were so much younger.

A. V.

**The Doctor's Disciples.** Frances J. Woodward. Oxford University Press, 21/-

Arnold of Rugby has not been neglected by biographers since Lytton Strachey dismissed him as the unintentional founder of the worship of athletics and good form. Miss Woodward, after glancing at the doctor himself, examines four lives which were, in one direction or another, deflected by the magnetism of his personality. Stanley, before becoming Queen Victoria's favourite Dean, achieved early fame as his master's

biographer. John Philip Gell attempted to propagate Arnold's methods and ideals in Tasmania. For these two, staunch churchmen but remarkable among their contemporaries for their tolerance, Arnold's teaching was a direct inspiration; for the others it was also a source of inner conflict. Clough, the "two-souled" poet, owed his sense of sin in part to the doctor's earnestness, and William Arnold, Indian administrator and author of a not quite forgotten novel, had to grope uncertainly in the shadow of his father's influence before he found his own direction.

Miss Woodward has not made the most of her theme. She lingers too long over ecclesiastical controversies which she fails to illumine, and she does not succeed in giving firm outlines to the characters or the lives of her subjects. One may join with her in deploring Lytton Strachey's levity, but in the art of biography she has everything to learn from him.

A. M.



## AT THE PLAY

*Troilus and Cressida*  
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)  
*Edmee* (THE ARTS)

*An Unusual Concert* (LONDON CASINO)

ONE can scarcely wait to have a bath after *Troilus and Cressida*'s black glimpses of the human zoo. While its disillusionment about war fits our

contemporary mood, the cynicism over love is so rank and bitter that it is difficult to believe the same man could have written *Romeo and Juliet* (so very near in places, including Pandarus and the Nurse, but yet so different). With its savage flaying of humanity, its dark doubts of any faithfulness, its complicated mockery of the Trojan War and its steep flights of lyric poetry it provides an extraordinary mixture. At Stratford GLEN BYAM SHAW proves it too interesting a play to be left for long periods on the shelf.

In some cases patchy acting only gives us unfinished sketches of the characters. MURIEL PAVLOW, for instance, charming in her early scenes, is later hard put to it to suggest a light woman of any weight; and LAURENCE HARVEY, though his own lines are unmistakably romantic, does less justice to those of SHAKESPEARE. Thersites is also blurred, TONY BRITTON making him a creature who seems to rail at his immediate targets rather than at the festering iniquities of the world. ANTHONY QUAYLE's Pandarus comes into a different category. It is an accomplished piece of eccentric acting, a very carefully managed study of senile blethering and fussing; but from it emerges a pathological nanny instead of a nasty old man with a positive pleasure in bedroom administration. Without active zest Pandarus surely misses the point.



Pandarus—MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE  
Cressida—MISS MURIEL PAVLOW

Troilus—MR. LAURENCE HARVEY

The strength of this production is both visual and intellectual. It lies in the simple beauty of MALCOLM PRIDE's sets and dresses, and in the way in which GLEN BYAM SHAW has stressed the despondent argument, lending it some coherence even in the scenes where the two staffs are treating the war as if it were a near thing at Lord's (how one longs to suggest the night-attack that would have settled the whole silly business, when they are drawing stumps like gentlemen and plodding back, swords dripping, to the mess in a daze of admiration at their honourable foes). Gruelling as these heavyweights must be, they are forcefully done and their contrasts sharply pointed. RAYMOND WESTWELL's Hector, WILLIAM DEVLIN's Agamemnon, LEO MCKERN's Ulysses, KEITH MICHELL's Achilles and several others come vividly to life.

Among the many puzzles of the play is why SHAKESPEARE should have given Helen such a thin chance. This is doubly a pity here, for in her brief moment BARBARA JEFFORD submits plausibly that she could have cracked dockyard champagne with an untiring aim.

The cries of "Cocu! Assassin! Meurtrier!" which have always sounded well on the large-minded little stage at the Arts are delivered with an earthy resonance by the company from Geneva's Théâtre de Poche. *Edmée*, a broad Breton farce by P. A. BRÉAL, is full of small wheels of absurdity neatly geared together, and centring on the avarice of a farmer's wife and her generosity to men in general. The cast has to work pretty hard to keep it ticking, but their mime is so good that often one forgets. FABIENNE FABY, JEAN VIGNY and WILLIAM JACQUES lead them unsparingly. At the peaks of peasant disaster only my ears convinced me I wasn't in a stage Connemara.

The Moscow State Puppets, which opened with such conversational realism that one felt dizzy in trying to think of them as anything but accomplished actors, are on much more telling ground for an English audience in *An Unusual Concert*. This is a ham variety show, introduced by an overweight capitalist compère in a beautifully plushy little theatre. Without plot or explanation to pull them over into human territory, the puppets can be themselves, and ready to guy us mercilessly. All our old friends of the provincial circuits are here, the oily baritone, the immaculate tango-sodden couple, the pie-eyed gypsies, the weary pianist, the infant prodigy, the performing poodles. How the latter, divorced from stick and wire, are made to jump through hoops I find as recurring a worry as the illusionist's trick of palming fans. The standard of puppetry remains astonishing, and the production has an engagingly simple humour.

## Recommended

*The Dark is Light Enough* (Aldwych), Christopher Fry and Edith Evans. *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden), a very ingenious thriller. And the Footlights' revue from Cambridge, *Out of the Blue* (Phoenix).

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Bandit—Dance Little Lady*

PERHAPS, in spite of attractive photography and fine directing, it is the feeling that we are patronizing "primitive" art that gives to films like *The Bandit* (Director: LIMA BARRETO) an extra feeling of excitement. For one thing it comes from Brazil, a country whose studios do not, presumably, have a long history of filming the same story over and over again; it has the ruthlessness and measured formality of early art at times, and its acting, for the most part, is a curiously moving impassivity. On the other hand... Well, I don't quite know why I'm uneasy about it; it's not that it's full of calculatedly clever touches, lots of them very effective indeed, nor that the plot is pure Western, and much of it bad Western at that. (A troop of bandits led by an impassive noble savage (MILTON RIBEIRO) abduct a beautiful and equally impassive school-teacher (MARISA PRADO) and hold her to ransom. The second in command (ALBERTO RUSCHEL) falls in love with her, and dies after a last stand which enables her to reach safety.) Anyway, apart from a very long and terrifyingly beautiful scene when the bandits are celebrating in their hide-out on the night before the escape, the film seemed to me to owe more than it pretends to the Hollywood productions with which, presumably, Latin-American cinemas are flooded. Certainly they have taken the best from their preceptors, apart from the plot; the direction is very good, with its use of horses and open plains covered with scrub; most of the decorative incidents are thoroughly satisfying, and the brutality and assassination, to which rather a lot of the publicity is directed, is neither shirked nor exploited. The songs, particularly the much-recorded theme-song, are lovely, but I found the incidental music a little intrusive.

My dispraise of such an exciting and remarkable film as *The Bandit* makes it difficult to find any common critical ground for writing about *Dance Little Lady* (Director: VAL GUEST), a film apparently made to show how far habit and a good child star will take one. It has one of those plots which are too complicated to need following but finds room somehow for ballet scenes, hospital scenes, a fire, a handsome doctor, a few efficiently played comic parts, a break-neck drive, a wicked impresario, much



[The Bandit  
Brazilian backwoodsman

heartburning, a heroic self-sacrifice, and a happy ending. The extraordinary thing is that it was almost worth watching for the sake of the child (MANDY MILLER). I don't know what it is with child stars, but somehow what they do doesn't seem to be acting; still, whenever she was on the screen MANDY managed to lend a momentary reality to the world of trashy make-believe through which she moved, an achievement quite beyond any of the adult actors, all long subdued to the tosh they worked in.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Executive Suite* (30/6/54) is a first-rate film and *Night People* (14/7/54) entertaining, but *The Wages of Fear* (24/2/54), now drawing to its close, continues to be the most exciting film in London.

*Father Brown* (23/6/54) is the best of the new releases, has little enough to do with G.K.C., but is none the worse for that.

PETER DICKINSON



## ON THE AIR

No News Would be Good News

**N**ews and Newsreel, the new daily television programme, has put viewing back into the days of the magic lantern and the lantern lecture. For more than a week now I have sat through these items (seven-thirty, once nightly) in complete bewilderment, and I am still staggered by the B.B.C.'s naiveness or effrontery in daring to hope for success from such a venture.

Sitting there in the gloom, staring at inadequate still photographs (somebody arriving at Heathrow, somebody receiving a bouquet, a politician getting into a taxicab), and listening to the unexceptionable tones of John Snagge and others, I have expected to hear the tap-tap of the lecturer's pointer followed by an insistent "Next Please!" and then "No, that's the wrong way up!" and an outbreak of nervous coughing.

For some reason that I cannot fathom *News* and *Newsreel* has been hailed as "a service of the greatest significance in the progress of television in the United Kingdom." The ordinary "News (sound only)," a recording of the news put out by sound radio, still gives a much more satisfactory summary of world affairs than these captions, still photographs and maps. It may be, of course, that the B.B.C. has discovered evidence of backsliding among viewers, that Listener Research has found viewers far more ignorant than listeners in matters of headlined current events, and that *News* and *Newsreel* is the B.B.C.'s way of luring the escapists back into the fold. If so, I think both the policy and the method of putting it into execution are sadly at fault.

It is important that sound radio should remain attractive even to the most



Time Marches Back

[News and Newsreel]

fanatical of television enthusiasts. Sound radio remains, and *must* remain, the most direct and economical medium for the dissemination of ideas and opinions on the multitude of subjects that interest civilized man. Television, even with three or four channels, can never hope to tackle more than a handful of the topics that are now dealt with in talks and discussions on the three sound programmes. It is a physical impossibility. And sound radio is also the ideal medium for the transmission of music, poetry and news.

Yes, *news*. It seems to me that televised news can never be a practical proposition. The making of news cannot be predicted, nor can the relative importance of any potential news-item be gauged in advance. If such things were possible the newspapers would offer their readers photographs illustrating every front-page story, but the press—even with its immense resources and world-wide coverage—is blind to most of the events featured in its headlines. The press has

to make do with illustrations of minor topics of conversation, cat-shows, race meetings, beauty queens, departures and arrivals of celebrities, and criminals hiding their features behind tribbles. Confronted by such pictures the reader takes a quick glance and lets his eye roam. But the pictures presented by *News* and *Newsreel* cannot be ignored. The face of a trade union leader appears on the screen and we are condemned to study it for as long as Mr. Tahu Hole and his henchmen please—that is, until the spoken caption to the picture is at an end.

And there is another, more pertinent objection to the use of televised stills—that the very presence of the picture on the screen makes the task of concentrating upon the spoken word extremely difficult. Even with moving pictures and a perfectly harmonious sound-track most viewers are apt to miss the hard facts contained in the commentary. We see a film about the export of motor vehicles, and afterwards are quite unable to remember whether the port was Liverpool or Southampton, whether the total mentioned was five hundred or fifty thousand or where the cars were going, though we recall very clearly the face of the crane-driver, the gestures of the dockers and the name of the ship.

The old *Newsreel* is still with us, tacked on to the *News* and followed by the weather report, and for this we must be grateful. I know that great efforts will be made to strengthen the presentation of the televised news summary, but I remain sceptical about its chances of making good. I, for one, shall continue to turn to the wireless set and my newspapers for the news.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

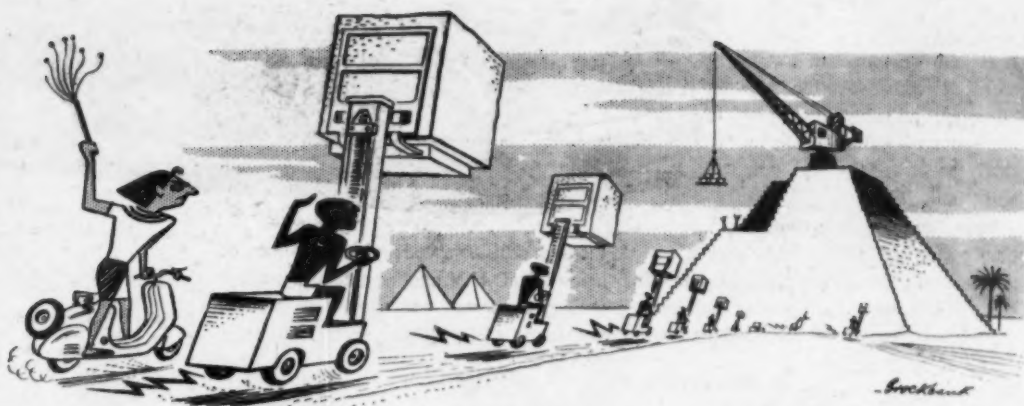


Dougherty

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## They'd have jumped at the chance

Muscles ad lib. and Whips quant. suff.—that was the Pharaohs' formula for productivity. Simple, effective and—in those days—the quickest and cheapest way of raising a pyramid. They were nothing if not abreast of their times.

Now, manhandling is the dearest and slowest way. Wherever goods in production must be moved—lifted, carried, trundled, stacked—a quicker, cheaper way is available. This is the day of the versatile battery-driven electric truck.

How do we stand—6,500 years after the last whip cracked at Gizeh? We've mechanised industrial handling to quite an extent. But not to the full extent. Manhandling is still, in 1954, loading the price we must ask for the goods we make. £250 millions a year still waits to be saved by the

full use of mechanisation, and the consequent freeing of labour for its proper productive jobs.

Don't be too quick with the answer that starts: 'The saving is there, in theory, of course. But in my case the Capital Outlay . . .' Have you really worked out in detail, a fair conservative estimate of the Return? Do you realise that a single battery-driven light fork truck can do *all* the handling in an average light industry plant—including off-loading raw materials, stacking your stores to roof level and loading the lorries in the Despatch bay? That its 'fuel' cost, in terms of electric current consumed, is from 1d. a working hour? That the immensely long-lived battery truck is simpler to operate and cheaper to maintain than any other machine of its sort in the world?



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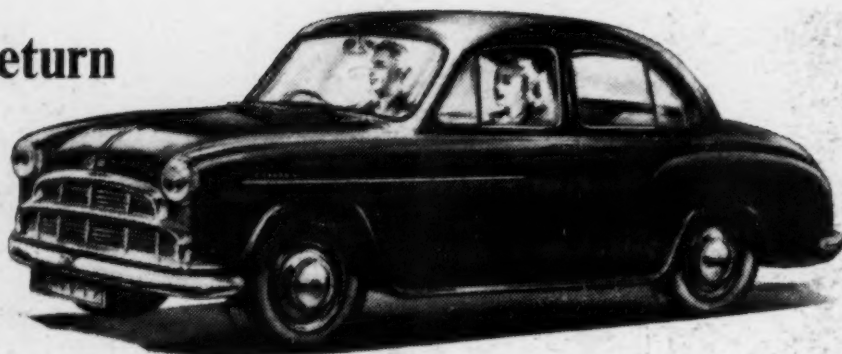
★The Company's Battery Traction Advisory Staff is always ready to discuss any aspect of electric traction

v66

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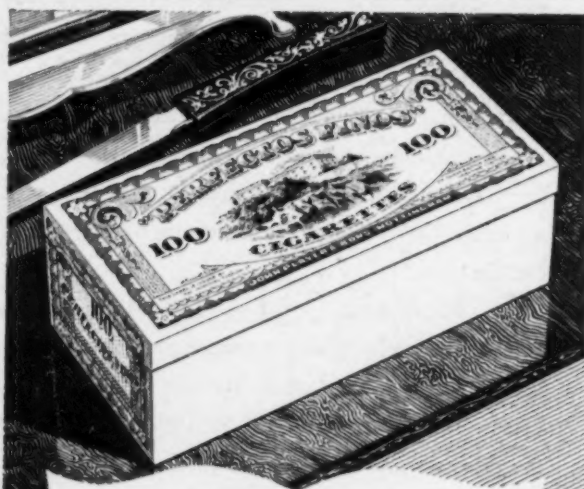
- High-performance 1200 c.c. O.H.V. Engine.
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C. 1895 (54)

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PF38A



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Mukasa has seen much good come from electric power.

In this new hydro-electric scheme he sees a brighter future for his people. "Electricity," says Mukasa, "is *olwobuluungi bwabantu*—for the benefit of Man."

Her Majesty the Queen, homeward bound on her world tour, recently opened the Owen Falls dam. The six 16,770-kVA waterwheel alternators, which make the electricity, are being supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I.

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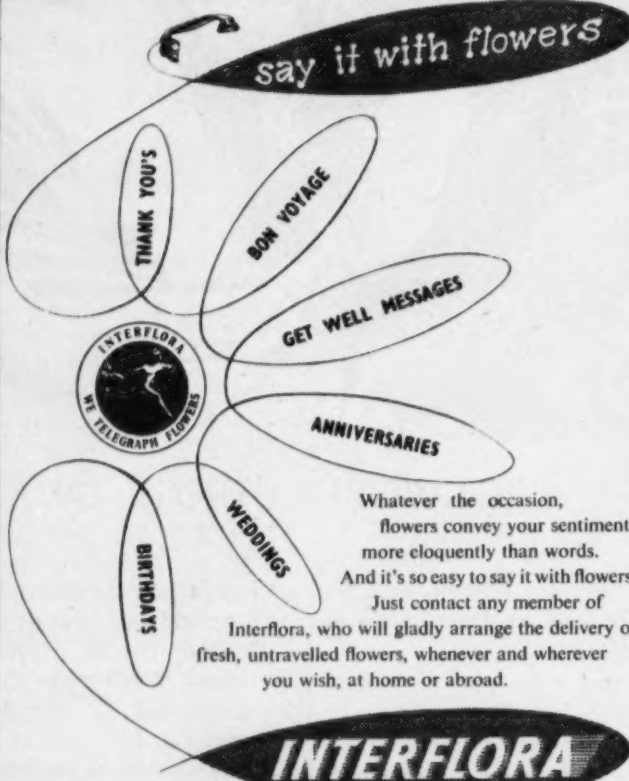
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P.2-23

## ... and so to bread

"If," said Marie-Antoinette, thereby precipitating a revolution, "if they can't have bread, why don't they eat cake?"

Her people were pained. First things, they argued, came first. Bread was a first thing. They would not, they maintained, be fobbed off with cake. Anyway there was no cake. Even if there were, they insisted, they would not have it till they had bread.

Faced with such arguments, Marie-Antoinette lost her head.

In England we order things better. Not only do we have bread, we go to great trouble to make the best of all possible bread. Hovis has a flavour to satisfy even an Englishman. It's a rare, brown, wheaty taste. And the reason is quite simply that Hovis contains so much wheatgerm, and wheatgerm, as everyone knows, is the part that contains most of wheat's food value.

From this it can be seen that a plentiful supply of Hovis is the most effective way to forestall all symptoms of unrest—particularly in the young.

Anyway, they are apt to prefer it to cake.



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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

# Huntley & Palmers

*the first name you think of in*

# Biscuits

*second to none in*

## CAKES

# Causeurie

## Joint action



With the end of meat rationing it's back to as much as you like when you like (having first come to some suitable arrangement with your bank manager). Ardent carnivora can now indulge in the occasional delight of boiled mutton served with a Caper Sauce.

May we take this opportunity to remind you that Heinz Capers are very special indeed?—and that any sauce they find their way into is going to liven up the joint no end!

## "Nanny-approved"

Heinz Puddings are extremely popular in what used to be called the nursery wing. Light as air, wonderfully tasty, they are, as nanny would remark, "thoroughly wholesome."

Chocolate, Mixed Fruit, Sultana, Date, Ginger, Treacle and Christmas Pudding.



## Party piece

Custom has it that the social round begins with Martinis. Between sips, you will do well to down a few of our Spanish Queen Olives. They are very good nibbling, and, furthermore, offer a fine excuse for not talking.

People who were frightened by a stone at their very first party will find solace in our Manzanilla Olives with juicy pimiento in the holes where the stones used to be.

## For gingerphiles

Heinz Preserved Stem Ginger will light a fire in your heart that will never go out. Big, chunky pieces, bottled in syrup as bland as a Mandarin's smile.

## In conclusion

You will find that anything with the Heinz label is everything that you'd expect from the most famous name in food. From soups to salad dressings, pickles to puddings, Heinz foods are invariably just that much better.

Put it down to 85 years' experience in the business, plus the formidable qualifications of the Heinz chefs.

57 **HEINZ**

## Are you hot at gardening—



## or cool as a midsummer mermaid?

Do you feel like Milton's "swink't hedger" (*Comus*) or Shakespeare's "sun-burn'd sicklemen of August weary" (*The Tempest*) after an afternoon's gardening or mowing the lawn? Even if you haven't a swimming pool handy and you can't plunge "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave"\* of the summer sea, there's one very effective (and very economical) way of cooling off.

Try a glass of sparkling Andrews. It's one of the most refreshing drinks you could have on a really hot day. It's not only thirst-quenching but it tastes delicious too. Puts other drinks in the shade. Cuts down liverishness. Smooths away bad temper and tiredness. Systematically weeds out minor stomach disorders.

\**Comus* again

**ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS**



## He's cleaning his teeth

Or rather, he has safely left the job of oxygen-cleaning his dentures to "Steradent," while he does his daily dozen.

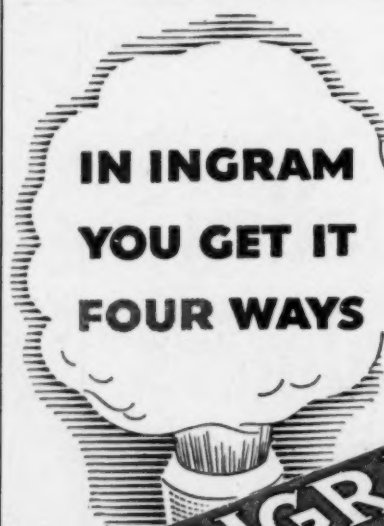
Like all fastidious wearers of dentures, he knows the importance of cleaning them thoroughly with something made for the purpose.

He knows that the kindest way to clean dentures properly is to steep them every day for 20 minutes in half a tumbler of water which

contains Steradent. Steradent does the job gently but surely, by blending the actions of alkali and busy purifying oxygen. It removes film and stains, disinfects the dentures in every crevice, and leaves them so sweet and fresh that the tongue can feel how clean they are.

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V.S.O.P.

58-22

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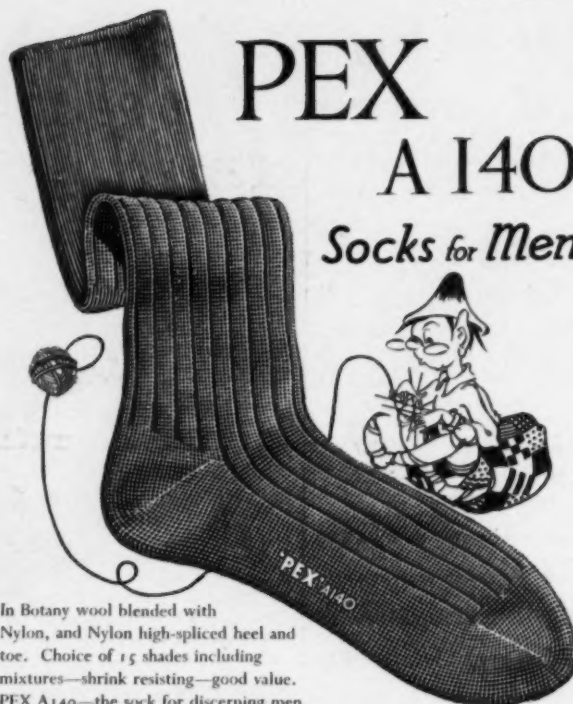


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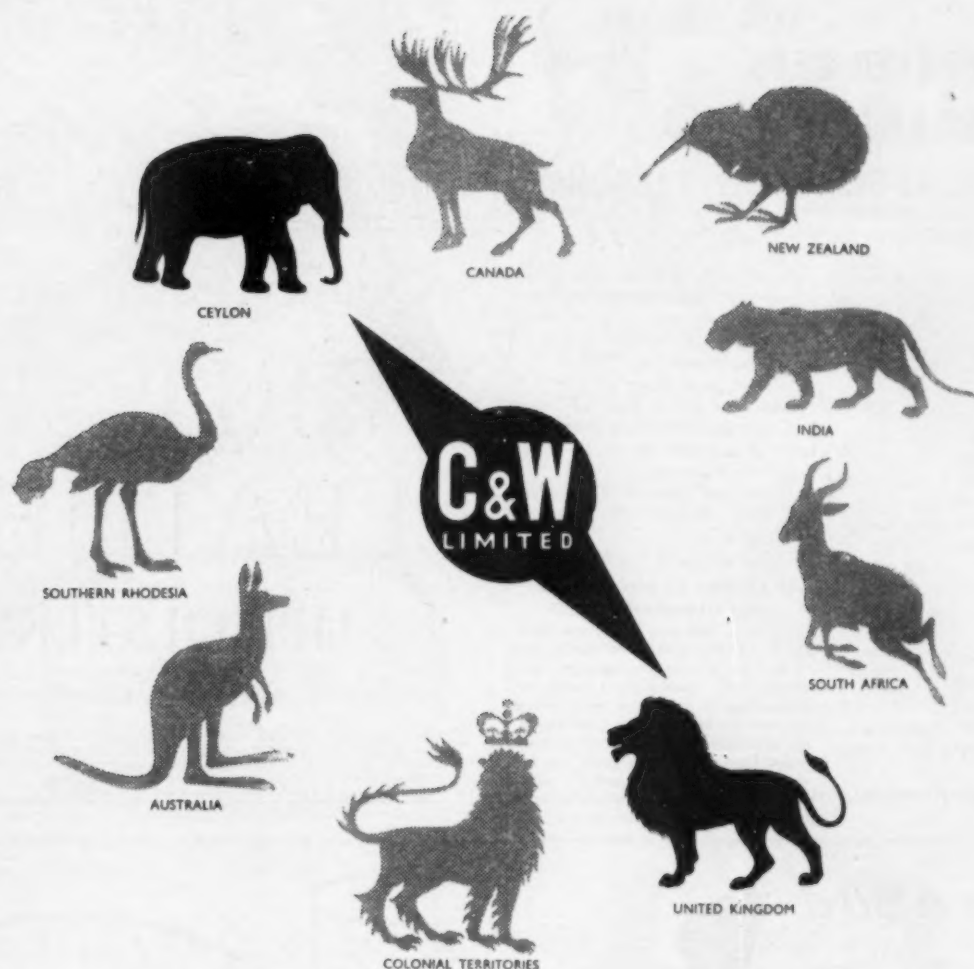


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'And between you and me,' replies the Lion, 'there are more than 200,000 miles of wireless circuits. So if I can't get in touch with you one way, I can always find you in another.' These are round figures—or, to be more specific, round-the-world figures. On the map, the miles between the Lion of the United Kingdom and the Elephant of Ceylon, are a matter of four figures only. But the miles that link them in the chain of Commonwealth communications are many times greater.

In the United Kingdom the Post Office handles messages to and from Ceylon. The Post Office in Ceylon sends and receives messages there. Cable & Wireless Ltd. owns the cables under the sea which link the two. Indeed, it owns and

maintains the whole 150,000 mile Commonwealth cable system. The Company, also, owns and operates wireless stations in the Colonial territories which relay messages between the eight senior countries of the Commonwealth, and provides a network of 114 telegraph circuits. The headquarters of Cable & Wireless Ltd. are in London. Its day-to-day business is carried out between the eight sovereign nations of the Commonwealth; in the Colonial territories and in foreign countries in which concessions are held.

*How these services are carried out is explained in a 40-page illustrated booklet "World Wide Communication", which gives many interesting details about the Company's equipment, operations and administration. A copy will be sent to you without charge if you will write, mentioning this paper, to:—The Public Relations Officer, Cable & Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.*

# CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

## PEEVISH PORTER GETS A "REGULAR" TIP



ROSE is in the Underground Movement. But she hasn't made good as the little mother of all the rush-hours. "How's life on the Central Line?" I chirruped.

"My central line is awful," moaned Rose. "If I don't do something about this constipation I shall probably have a breakdown."

"You've had one—" I said, "a tube breakdown."

"What tube?" asked Rose.

"Oh Miss Porter, what a silly girl you are," I said. "I'm talking about the 30 ft. of tube you carry round inside you—the one all your food goes through. Your intestinal muscles make it pass along inside, but they don't find anything to pull at in the starchy meals we put down nowadays so they get out of training."

"What happens then?" asked Rose.

"Chaos on the Inner Circle," I said, "and the resulting constipation makes you feel like a passenger. But," I said, "a little bulk would soon put you right."

"That's a funny name for medicine," said Rose.

"No," I said, "it's a scientific name for All-Bran—a particularly delicious breakfast food. But All-Bran gives your muscles bulk to work on, and it makes you 'regular' in a few days."

"Fancy!" said Rose.

And when I saw Rose next she looked as pleased as if she'd won the battle of Bakerloo.

"How are we today?" I said.

"Blooming!" chuckled Rose. "That marvellous All-Bran really did make me 'regular'."

"R-r-right away!" I said.

### WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

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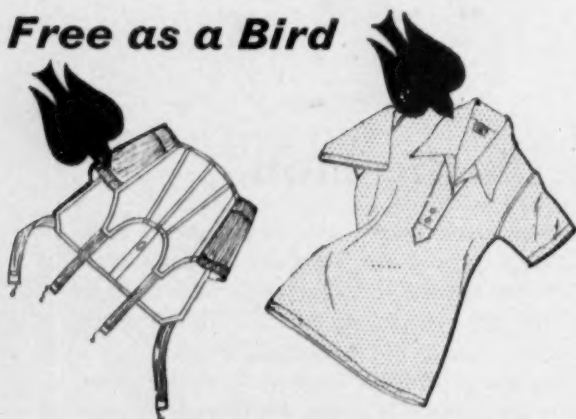


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